The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1901

The Week.

President Roosevelt's first message is not so long by several columns as President McKinley's last one, yet we cannot help thinking that it is too long. Except in a few particulars it is lacking in definite recommendations, but these few are of first-rate importance. Rumors have been flying around ever since Mr. McKinley's death that the new President would make some decisive expression of his views about the industrial combinations called Trusts. Latterly it has been given out that he would recommend that steps be taken by Congress to compel publicity of the financial affairs of all such combinations. This he has done. He has made a very fair statement of the reasons for this requirement. "What further remedies are needed in the way of Governmental regulation or taxation," he adds, "can only be determined after publicity has been obtained by process of law and in the course of administration." The word "taxation" as here used brings to mind the fact that Mr. Roosevelt, as Governor of New York, caused the Franchise-Tax Law to be passed, and that he said in one of his messages to the State Legislature that if all other remedies for Trusts and combines failed, that of taxation remained. There is no other word half so dreadful to the promoters of Trusts as taxation, because that is something which they cannot buy off. When the public mind is once fixed upon it, lobbyists and party bosses are powerless to divert the Legislature from it. This was conclusively shown in the fight at Albany, and we cannot doubt that the President had that fight fresh in mind when he wrote the message now before us.

Another recommendation in which the President's positive character shows itself is that relating to civil-service reform. Here he is on familiar ground and his footing is sure. He says that the merit system is the true American system, since it is the one which gives a fair field and no favor to each candidate for the public service. He declares that the gain to the Government by the introduction of this system in the clerical service, in place of the old system of favoritism, has been immense. He recommends that the classified service be extended to the District of Columbia, but most of all should it be applied rigidly to the Philippines and Porto Rico. "The administration of these islands," he maintains, "should be as free from the suspicion of partisan politics as the administration of the army and navy." The consular service should be brought under the same regulation. The President recommends the passage of a law for this purpose, in accordance with the wishes expressed by many commercial bodies throughout the country. All this is worthy of Theodore Roosevelt at his best.

As instances of vagueness in the message, we may mention the paragraph which relates to reciprocity and the one in reference to ship subsidies. As regards the former, we are advised that "reciprocity must be treated as the handmaiden of protection." Does that convey any idea to an expectant Congress? It conveys none to us. Nor are we helped by being told that reciprocity should be sought for so far as it can be safely done without injury to our home industries, and that the well-being of the wage-worker is the prime consideration in our entire policy of economic legislation. Obviously somebody must decide what constitutes an injury to our home industries, and how the well-being of the wage-workers as a whole is to be promoted. The Department of State has been working on these two problems for the better part of two years, with the approval of the late President McKinley. Its labors are embodied in concrete form in a series of treaties which President McKinley had specifically recommended to the Senate for ratification. All that President Roosevelt says on this point is: "I ask the attention of the Senate to the reciprocity treaties laid before it by my predecessor." This is certainly vague. In regard to ship subsidies, there is a similar vagueness. Much is said in a general way about the need of restoring our merchant marine. We are told that many of the fast foreign steamships are subsidized, and that the original cost of American ships is greater than that of foreign ones. Finally it is suggested that our Government should take steps to remedy these inequalities. How this should be done we are not told, nor is even a hint given. For all practical purposes this part of the message might as well have been omitted.

Civil-service reformers had last week a special cause for thanksgiving in the present which they received from Mr. Roosevelt. The President has issued an order amending one of the rules so that hereafter, whenever an Indian agency is discontinued through the devolving of its duties upon the bonded superintendent of the local Indian training school, the agent who thus loses his place may be admitted to the classified service upon such tests of fitness as the Civil-Service Commission may prescribe, and receive such designation as the Secretary of the Interior may direct. The transformation of the Indian service through the merging of the former agent's duties in those of the school superintendent is steadily going on, the change having been successfully made in a score of cases. The superintendents are within the classified service, to which the competitive system applies, and the President's new order will bring the entire force of agents or acting agents under the civil-service rules. This order is not only in itself a valuable extension of the merit system, but is far more important as an earnest of what civil-service reformers may expect in future from the new President. Mr. Roosevelt has proved his attachment to the principles of the reform, and he has an understanding of the system such as no previous Executive has possessed, by reason of his experience as one of the Civil-Service Commissioners under both Harrison and Cleveland. Moreover, he has plenty of courage to carry through any extensions of the competitive system which he may deem wise. The discretionary power of the President under the Civil-Service Law is very great, and the nation is already assured that Mr. Roosevelt will employ it to the public advantage.

It is said that the Hon. William M. Jenkins, Governor of Oklahoma, is very much surprised that he should be removed from office on a charge of receiving shares in a corporation to which he had officially awarded a valuable contract. It seems that he turned these shares over to certain persons to whom he owed political obligations, and that he could see nothing objectionable in such a transaction, although he said that he could not pay such an obligation by an appointment to office, "or anything of that kind." This is a reversal of the common practice which ought not to escape the notice of Mark Twain or "Mr. Dooley." Nine Governors or Senators out of ten who had incurred political obligations would consider themselves perfectly justified in getting an office for the obliger. No matter how great or small the obligation or the office might have been, the course of procedure would have passed without special notice or comment. A payment in cash at the expense of the taxpayers is quite a different matter. In the eyes of President Roosevelt it discloses "such an entire lack of appreciation of the high fiduciary nature of the duties of his office as to unfit him [Gov. Jenkins] for their further discharge," and in this view decent public opinion will concur. It adds something to the opprobrium of the transaction that the

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shares used to pay the Governor's political debts were those of a private hospital for the care of the insane, and that they doubled in value after the Governor awarded the contract.

Secretary Root's annual report urges many reforms. His scheme for the instruction of officers is most comprehensive. Besides the Military Academy at West Point, and in addition to the elementary schools for officers which should be maintained at each military post, Secretary Root recommends the establishment of five special service schools, for artillery, engineering, submarine defence, cavalry and field artillery, and medicine, respectively. He would have in addition a General Service and Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Finally, a War College at Washington would give the highest instruction in military science to properly qualified officers, and would direct the policy of the special and general service schools. These schools Mr. Root would throw open to all persons who are fitted to profit by their instruction. Thus the elementary schools at the military posts and the General Service and Staff College would be open to officers of the National Guard, former officers of Volunteers, and graduates of accredited military schools. All such persons, by proving that they were properly qualified, might attend also the special service schools.

The significance of this comprehensive plan far transcends the education of the regular army. From the militia officers and other volunteer students who should avail themselves of the privileges of the military schools, classified lists would be made up, so that in case of emergency there would be an abundant supply of company officers. If the volunteer commissions were confined to such lists, we should be spared for the future such exhibitions of official incompetence as made the volunteers in the Spanish war —with honorable exceptions—almost a negligible quantity. In similar fashion, and consistently with Secretary Root's whole attitude towards army reform, a merit list of regular officers would be kept, on the basis of which staff and special appointments would be made. This is a measure of the first importance, and ought to mark the end of the favoritism and routine promotions which threaten to sap the spirit of the army. Henceforth an officer must do something more than survive, and in the army as elsewhere a career is opened to talent.

Secretary Root's recommendation that the lands now belonging to the friars in the Philippine Islands be purchased by the Government and reallotted under proper conditions to the inhabitants, is among the most praiseworthy features of his recent report. No action could do more to assure the Filipinos of the disinterestedness of our intentions and the benevolence of our rule than the expropriation of the monastic holdings, the existence of which has been an immemorial grievance in the islands. Of course, this expropriation could come about only by purchase, for the Treaty of Paris confirms all the privileges and rights which the friars enjoyed under Spanish rule. It is equally just that the purchase price of these 403,000 acres should be charged, not upon the Philippine Islands, but upon the United States. The right administration of these public lands could not fail to be a potent contribution towards conciliation. Commissioner Taft and Secretary Root have advocated an equitable settlement of this vexatious matter without temporizing. Congress should see that their recommendations are promptly carried into effect.

We fear that the Cuban delegates in Washington are doomed to bitter disappointment in their expectations of an early reduction of the duty on sugar, either by way of reciprocity or otherwise. They have assumed that whatever the executive branch of the Government favors, especially in the matter of foreign policy, is sure to be adopted. They have never had experience of any different kind of government. They cannot understand a government in which the legislative and the executive branches may be at cross-purposes when both are controlled by the same party—a condition of things by no means unusual in this favored land. Now it appears that Congressmen Grosvenor of Ohio and Payne of New York, two of the most influential men in Congress, the latter the probable Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, are opposed to any reduction of the duty on sugar, by treaty or otherwise. They will insist that the full protection accorded our producers of sugar from both beets and cane shall be continued. If the Republicans in Congress take this attitude in conflict with that of the President and the Secretary of War, they may raise a new issue in American politics. If no concession is made to the Cubans on the sugar question by reciprocity or otherwise, there will forthwith be a strong movement in Cuba for annexation, and this movement will extend itself to the United States, and political parties will have to align themselves in reference to it. The way to stave off annexation is to make some concessions to Cuba now in reference to the duties on both sugar and tobacco.

Mr. Ridgely's report to Congress is very much the traditional document expected from the Comptroller of the Currency. He renews the stock recommendations of his predecessors relative to greater safeguards for the business of banking, offers the usual comments on the defects of the Sub-Treasury system, and calls the attention of Congress to the necessity of extending the twenty-year charters of the banks, soon to expire. About the much-discussed question of the standard of value he has only a bare hint that, "if" the law of March 14, 1900, can be strengthened, such action ought to be taken before the matter "gets shoved to one side." On the freer issue of banknotes, he suggests that safe middle ground between the views of extremists may be found, and that progress toward more liberal legislation should be slow. An emergency circulation, based on commercial assets, is practically all he can recommend for the present, but that is a large advance upon the views of his predecessor. In his sketch of actual conditions, he alludes to the Act of March 14, 1900, as giving "new impetus to the national banking system." There is little in the figures to prove that the national system has been made more useful to the classes and sections supposed to be aided by the act of last year. Of the 742 new banks chartered since March 14, 1900, more have been organized in the Middle States than in any other geographical division, although the law was specially designed to promote the organization of banks in the West and South. Moreover, many of the new institutions are of large capital —a fact which shows that they are in the cities rather than in the rural communities where it had been supposed they were chiefly needed. Finally, the new banks have issued only a comparatively small proportion of the currency to which they are entitled.

How to tax franchise values seems to be a problem of growing public interest. The question is now most prominently up for discussion in New York, New Jersey, Ohio, and Illinois, but it is also attracting some attention in Indiana and other States The Supreme Court of Ohio has granted Mayor Johnson's motion for leave to file a petition asking the court to determine the powers of the State Board of Equalization. If Mr. Johnson's plan should be adopted, the Board would reassess the property of railways on the basis of the market value of their securities. What the feelings of railway managers would be may be gathered from expressions of opinion in Chicago and Newark. In the former city, the traction companies maintain that utter ruin would result from the taxation of their franchises on the basis of market value, and very much the same cry comes from New Jersey. It is, of course, impossible to predict the decisions of the courts in the cases now before them, and too much weight should not be given to the protests of counsel for the companies, but at least one good result of the agitation may be expected:

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it should help on the movement for greater publicity of corporate accounts, and thus ultimately lead to sounder methods of taxing corporate incomes.

The formal announcement by Mayor-elect Low that Col. John N. Partridge, Superintendent of the State Department of Public Works, is to be his Police Commissioner, fulfils public expectation and will command public approval. For a fortnight past his name has been the only one which appeared to be under serious consideration for this important position, and during the whole discussion not an objection to his fitness for the place has been raised. The first thing which the Police Department needs is the application of military discipline by a man who knows by personal experience what such discipline is. This rendered it important that the new Commissioner should be a man who has had something to do with the command of troops. Col. Partridge served for more than three years in the Union army during the civil war, rising from first lieutenant to captain in a regiment of Massachusetts volunteers. A few years later he became lieutenant of a company in the Twenty-third (Brooklyn) Regiment of the National Guard of this State, and was promoted by successive steps to the colonelcy. In this capacity he commanded the regiment when it was sent to Buffalo during the troubles growing out of the switchmen's strike in 1892. For the first two of Mr. Low's four years as Mayor of Brooklyn Col. Partridge was Commissioner of the Fire Department, and he was then made head of the Police Department, so that he has already once filled practically, on a smaller scale, the same place that he is now to occupy. It is safe to say that no other citizen of New York has a better comprehension of the questions with which Mr. Low's Police Commissioner will have to deal.

President-elect Cantor of Manhattan Borough has applied the same standards of selection in his first appointment which led the Mayor-elect to name George L. Rives for Corporation Counsel and Col. John N. Partridge for Police Commissioner. Under the revised charter the place of Superintendent of Buildings in this borough is to be one of the most important offices in the whole city, and Mr. Cantor will fill it with a man who is in every way exceptionally well qualified. Mr. Perez M. Stewart knows all about the work of contractors and builders by practical experience, while he, as a member of the Assembly, has demonstrated the independence which the Superintendent of Buildings should possess. A better selection for the place could not be made. Not less welcome is the further announcement that Mr. William Martin Aiken is to become Consulting Architect for Manhattan Borough. Almost any change from Horgan & Slattery would be grateful, but this selection is peculiarly acceptable to all who are ambitious that our civic building should be worthy of a great city. For Mr. Aiken is not only an accomplished architect, but a skilled organizer, as his conduct of the Supervising Architect's Office at Washington, which was virtually his creation, has amply proved. He will have the opportunity of setting a precedent which no future administration will dare wholly to disregard. We believe that the enlightened taste of this city can never again receive so gratuitous an insult as was dealt in the appointment of the present Tammany architects.

The Manitoba Prohibition Act of July 4, 1900, which was recently declared unconstitutional by the highest court, differed from ordinary prohibitory legislation in being an attempt not only to regulate the sale of liquor, but also to prevent its use. This intention was expressed in the preamble, which in terms prohibited "all use in Manitoba of spirituous, fermented, malt, and all intoxicating liquors as beverages or otherwise than for sacramental, medicinal, mechanical, or scientific purposes." Quite in the spirit of this preamble was a clause which forbade even the giving away of liquor which had been lawfully acquired by the owner. Under the act, clubs would have been restrained from supplying liquor to their members. The Court of King's Bench of Manitoba declared that the act exceeded the powers of the Manitoba Legislature; that the attempt to suppress a legal traffic had no sufficient precedent, and that all excise legislation of so sweeping a character as to affect the general trade relations of the Dominion fell under the jurisdiction of the Canadian Parliament. On appeal to the Privy Council, the decision of the lower court was reversed, and the act declared Constitutional. The decision gives the Canadian provinces the fullest powers to prohibit liquor-selling; and since the Premier of Ontario is pledged to introduce a prohibition measure in Parliament, liquor legislation may become a prominent political issue in the near future. It should not be forgotten that the real test of the Manitoba act is to come. That the courts declare it legal does not prove that it is not ill-advised. The experience of many of our own States with less drastic laws shows that men are perfectly willing to vote for a system under which they absolutely refuse to live. Hence the experience of Manitoba can hardly be more fortunate than that of Kansas or Maine.

Monday's debate at the Pan-American Conference, now sitting in the City of Mexico, showed but too plainly that no more contentious matter can be brought before an international conference than the suggestion that the conferees settle their disputes amicably. The mere mention of a comprehensive scheme of arbitration aroused the most violent protest from a Chilian delegate. Such an attitude indicates that to touch upon really important issues would threaten the disintegration of the Conference. Chili, it will be remembered, joined in the Mexico meeting only upon the assurance that no plan of arbitration should apply to disputes already under way. Thus she withdrew from arbitration the South American problems which most urgently require adjustment; namely, the boundary disputes between herself and Argentina, Bolivia, and Peru. That Chili would utterly oppose any and all plans for arbitration was hardly to be anticipated, and perhaps Señor Martinez's outburst on Monday should not be given so large a significance. However that may be, the Mexico Conference seems to be going the usual way.

The decrease in the bullion value of the rupee, which has caused so much suffering in India, seems likely to prove of unexpected advantage to certain American importers. Section 25 of the tariff act of 1894 provides that the pure metallic value of foreign coins, as determined by the Director of the Mint, shall be used as the basis for assessing the importing values of goods whose worth is stated in terms of those coins. Secretary Gage, however, some time ago ordered that the rupee be converted into American money by reference to its exchange value. He has now been reversed by the Board of General Appraisers, which orders that the rupee be converted on the basis of its fine content. How largely importers from India may profit by this verdict becomes apparent when it is noted that the pure metallic value of the rupee is about 20 cents, as compared with an exchange value of 32 cents or more. This curious disparity is a result of the anomalous condition of the Indian currency system. In 1893 the Indian mints were closed to the free coinage of silver, and British gold coins were ordered received by the public treasuries at the rate of 15 rupees to the pound sterling. In 1899 gold coins were made a legal tender at this same valuation, but the silver rupee continued as additional legal tender to an unlimited amount. The position of the rupee is therefore that of an unlimited legal-tender coin whose issue has been discontinued, and its international value, like that of our own silver dollar, depends not on its fine content, but upon the gold par of exchange. The New York importers who will profit by the late decision are merely taking frank advantage of a defect in our existing legislation.

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THE INSISTENT PHILIPPINE QUESTION.

Monday's decision of the Supreme Court will necessarily thrust our whole Philippine policy again to the fore in public discussion. It shows that questions cannot be settled legally until they are settled right; nor can they be morally. The immediate practical consequence will be to compel Congress, which has until now shirked a disagreeable duty, to walk squarely up to the debate and enactment of revenue laws for the Philippines, the existing ones having been declared illegal. But with this will inevitably come a general reconsideration of our entire national attitude in this Philippine business. We cannot argue about the tax on Philippine goods without having something to say about Philippine liberties. Into the discussion of the proper tariff policy, consideration of human rights and free institutions will surely intrude. The Philippine question is open again. It is once more the order of the day. The decision of the Supreme Court upsetting the Government's policy in respect of customs gives the signal to the friends of freedom and democracy to urge once more those compelling reasons which are drawn from the great charters of our own liberty and our historic position, and which make so powerfully for the reversal of our mistaken and misery-laden policy in the Philippines.

In legal effect, the decision of the Court is more far-reaching than would appear on the surface. It does nothing except to affirm illegal the duties collected on goods coming from the Philippines. This means, so the Treasury officials say, a loss in refunds of only about $250,000. More serious, even alarming, will seem, from the protectionist point of view, the prospect of free sugar and free tobacco from the Philippines, until Congress acts to keep out that deadly trade. Here is a noble chance for the protected interests to spring forward, as they are already doing, to propose laws to prevent the Filipinos from enjoying the advantages which the Supreme Court declares are theirs. Secretary Root hoped for certain tariff concessions on Philippine products, as the readiest means of conciliating the natives, and, by making them prosperous and contented, of reducing our military force and curtailing the enormous expense we are under. But no sooner has the Supreme Court thrown down all trade barriers against Philippine commerce than we see the angry and embattled protectionists clamoring for their immediate restoration by Congress.

There may easily be more in the case than this, however. The Supreme Court decides only questions that are before it, and on Monday it pronounced no opinion upon the validity of the tariff duties which have been levied in the Philippines upon goods coming from the United States. Yet we are bound to believe that it would have held this military tariff illegal, if a case involving it had been before the Court. Such a decision would appear to follow from the previous decision of the Supreme Court in the first Dooley case, in which the right of the President to collect duties on goods from the United States entering Porto Rico was contested. Five judges held that the military order under which duties had been collected prior to the Foraker act, "ceased to apply to goods imported from the United States the moment the United States ceased to be a foreign country with respect to Porto Rico, and that until Congress otherwise Constitutionally directed, such merchandise was entitled to free entry." It added, as if to put the case as nearly as possible on all fours with the Philippine tariff: "In our opinion the authority of the President as Commander-in-Chief to exact duties upon imports from the United States ceased with the ratification of the treaty of peace, and her right to the free entry of goods from the ports of the United States continued until Congress should Constitutionally legislate upon the subject."

We need not dwell upon the embarrassments which would attend the application of this judicial opinion to the Philippine tariff. It would destroy a large part of the insular revenues. It would compel us, under the Treaty of Paris, to concede free entry of Spanish goods in Philippine ports. It would grievously complicate our international relations in the Orient, where we have promised to grant as well as demand the "open door" for trade. But all these points must be reserved for later discussion. The great thing is that the Court has remanded the whole question to Congress. That body can no longer abdicate, in the face of supposed military necessity, or of obscurities in Constitutional right. Under the decision of the Supreme Court, Congress *must* enact a tariff for the Filipinos, and it *may* give them freedom and independence and that full national life which is their highest aspiration.

The absolute power of Congress, which our highest tribunal has now asserted, may be used in a beneficent way to extricate us from our Philippine plight. The islands are ours, heady expansionists have said, and there is no way of getting rid of them. But the Supreme Court has now held that they are but as other "property" of the United States, to be alienated if Congress so desires. Our hands are not tied. Congress has full power to heed the prayer of the islanders, at the same time that it consults our own highest interests, by granting Philippine independence at an early day. The President's message reflects the general sobering on this subject. He has got far away from the first glorying of Mr. McKinley in our acquisition of the "gems and glories of the tropic seas." To Mr. Roosevelt they are frankly "a great burden." There is not a word in his message inconsistent with our ultimate withdrawal—many words, indeed, which hint not obscurely that such may be our final goal. With this falls in the latest Filipino appeal for a promise of "the ultimate recognition of their rights" as a people. The time is auspicious, therefore, for a fresh consideration of the whole matter, freed from the old rancors and passions; and the hope may reasonably be entertained that the American Congress and people will yet be willing to retrace their steps, and take their position again on our traditional and noble principle that no government shall be imposed upon a people without its consent.

INFLUENCE WITHOUT TERRITORY.

The present troubles on the Isthmus, and the leading part which the United States has taken in the course of that Iliad in a nutshell, show what national influence really depends upon. It is certainly not the possession of territory on the spot where the influence is exerted. Indeed, in this case the suspicion of a desire for territorial aggrandizement would obviously be fatal to our good offices. The Central Americans believe that, as Secretary Hay said, we covet their land as little as we do the mountains of the moon. They see our naval force conducting itself with absolute propriety, and adhering strictly to the letter of the treaty with Colombia. Our officers and men are there for a single specific purpose—to maintain free transit over the Panama Railroad. Yet by their discretion and conciliatory attitude they not only have played a useful part, but have signally illustrated the way in which a great nation may make its name and power respected far from its own borders.

We think the instance comes happily to point the moral so often drawn in vain in the course of our recent craze for stringing islands for our national toys. We simply must have these new possessions over-sea, people argued stoutly, or else we cannot take our appropriate place among the nations. Even Professor Hart, in his excellent article in the *American Historical Review* on the Monroe Doctrine, seems unable to think of national power except as somehow conterminous with national territory. He cannot agree with those who think we might have "abstained" from our "recent conquests in the West Indies or East Indies." He uses the old phrase about its being no longer possible for us to dwell quietly at home under our own vine and fig tree, and appears to think that it is our "chain of possessions from the Pacific Coast to the Asiatic" which alone gives us title and ability to

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take part in the solution of the great problems of the Orient.

The real question is, however, whether we should not have both the right and the power to pursue our true national interest there, and in every other part of the world, without owning a foot of distant soil. Does our prestige run with the land alone? Has the American flag no function of protection, and no power to impose respect, except where it flies from a staff driven into American ground? The Isthmian incident is a timely reminder of the true answer to these questions. No one is anxiously asking why we do not annex a strip of land down there, so as to make our power effectively felt and advance our interests. The thing speaks for itself. We are better off, and so are the Central Americans, for our being able to deal with this hornet's nest in eruption as impartial spectators and friendly counsellors, and not as owners at their wits' end to know what to do next.

Mr. Gladstone, in a remark of his about Italian ambitions which has been recently reported, put his finger upon the weakness of the ill-considered desire for territorial expansion and for cutting a great figure in the world:

> "Ah! if Italy would only drop that senseless Ultramontane alliance, how she might go ahead! I only wish I could do anything to help her to walk in that way. But it is the extravagance of newly discovered vigor. Why, I saw a letter in the *Corriere* the other day, saying that Italy must do so-and-so, if she wished to be a *primaria nazione*. That is what they are all thinking about. The only way to be a *primaria nazione* is to foster your self-reliance, your integrity, all the qualities that make character; and not to be always making a great effort to do something or other."

The dispute is really not unlike that between "intensive" and "extensive" farming. Many a farmer has spread himself over barren acres until he is "land poor." A neighbor, working one-tenth the amount of land under a high degree of cultivation, may be far better off. At all events, we must get it into our heads that a nation's life, no more than a man's, consisteth in the abundance of the things which it possesseth. Character overleaps boundaries, and the influence of a nation that deserves to have influence cannot be pent up within its frontiers.

We have only to look closely at the facts to see what it truly is that gives America a great name abroad. It is, in the first place, our highly developed resources, our expanding trade, rather than our expanding territory. We have natural products and manufactured goods indispensable to the world's well-being. It is our trade which cannot be confined behind the oceans that wash our shores, and that pushes outward with irresistible force. With it go American ideas. By this impact upon other nations they are led to study our social and political organization, our education, our technical equipment. These are the things, and not cannon, that are making the American foreign conquests in which a judicious patriotism has most reason to delight. And our chief duty is to see to it that we have something at home worth sending abroad; that our government become as superior as our goods—our principles as admirable as our inventions. The extension of sovereign rights over territory is a wholly secondary matter. As we see so clearly on the Isthmus to-day, the American name may be honored and honorable, the American flag "full high advanced," without having a single possession except self-possession, moderation, and a strict regard for our international obligations and the rights of others.

DEMOCRATIC REORGANIZATION.

The first meeting of a new Congress under a new President is always interesting, and there are special reasons for thinking that the session which opened on Monday may prove of consequence in the improvement of our politics. The issues of national campaigns generally shape themselves in the discussions of the Senate and House, and there are questions now pending which are certain to provoke earnest debate.

This Congress is the fourth consecutive one which has been carried by the same party—a record without precedent in the memory of men now living. The Presidency has also been carried by the same party for the second successive term, which has not happened before since Grant's reëlection in 1872—if we except the term during which Hayes filled the office through the award of the Electoral Commission. The Republican majority in each branch of Congress is now so large that the party can easily carry out any policy upon which it is united.

Meanwhile, the Democrats are utterly demoralized. Bryanism has reduced the numerical strength of the party until it no longer has a Senator in the whole North east of the Rocky Mountain region, and only a scattering body of Representatives from this great section outside New York city. The party is as weak in intellectual strength and political sense as in numbers. Senator Jones of Arkansas, the nominal leader of the minority in the upper branch, lacks both the acumen and the breadth of view which are essential, and Representative Richardson, who occupies a similar position in the House, has never made a strong impression even upon his own party. In the men thus put to the front, as well as in the rank and file, the Opposition is so weak as almost to justify the ridicule of the Republicans.

But the shrewdest leaders of the Republican party do not exult over the free hand which their organization now has. They are not glad that at the opening of a new Republican Administration the Opposition is so weak that the majority can work its will without restraint. The veterans in politics recall more than one occasion within the past thirty years when a party has appeared to be invincible, and yet within a short time has gone to overwhelming defeat. The "tidal waves" of 1874, 1882, and 1890 in favor of the Democracy each followed Republican victories in a Presidential election, while the revolution which succeeded the Democratic success in the national election of 1892 was quite as sudden and sweeping.

It is obvious that the prevailing sentiment among the Republican managers favors a do-nothing policy, which should give the Opposition a great opportunity. A politician of the Hanna type is almost sure to argue, as the Ohioan does openly, that "let well enough alone" is the best course for a party which has been given victories for years by the blunders of a Democracy that seems still to be controlled by the old blunderers. Powerful financial elements reinforce this protest of the short-sighted political managers against action which "would unsettle things," as the protected interests assert that any opening of the tariff question would surely do. A whole brood of schemes seeking great appropriations from the Treasury has been hatched, and their promoters are laboring to prevent the reduction of taxation which may and should be made, in order that the surplus may be great enough to satisfy the demands of jobbers. Questions of our future relations with Cuba and the Philippines require careful attention and generous action, but selfish interests are already rallying their forces at Washington to prevent once more the discharge of our plain duty. In short, the whole tendency of things in the dominant party is distinctly towards the adoption of a Bourbon policy of doing as little as possible, and "trusting to luck" to carry the Congressional elections of 1902 and the Presidential contest of 1904.

The first thing for the Opposition in Congress to do is to cut loose from the burden of Bryanism, and face the future. A hopeful step in this direction has been taken by the Democratic members of the New York delegation, who presented an admirable series of resolutions at the party caucus on Saturday night. These resolutions condemn "the oppressive, restrictive, and often prohibitory features of the existing tariff," demand its amendment, favor reciprocity treaties, call for "just and generous treatment" of Porto Rico and Cuba, and for the latter "the largest practicable liberty of commercial intercourse with our own country," oppose such subsidy bills as that urged in the last Congress, as well as the use in any form of public money for the exclusive benefit of private interests, oppose the establishment of any

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colonial system of the European type, and demand self-government for the people of other lands now in our power "at the earliest practicable moment."

These resolutions met opposition in the caucus on the supposition that Mr. McClellan, the Tammany member who presented them, was only the spokesman of Croker, and that this discredited boss was trying to "run" the National Democratic party. We learn that there is no foundation for this theory. The resolutions really had their birth in Brooklyn, and they represent the same progressive tendencies in the Democracy of that borough which led to the nomination and election of several Gold-Standard Democrats to Congress in 1900. The matter was referred to a committee, which is to report this month, and an airing of all the questions involved ought to convince the party at large that the only future for Democracy is along such lines. Independents keenly realize the terrible misfortune to the nation of a weak Opposition, and will earnestly hope that there may be a speedy reorganization of the Democracy into a strong party.

THE TARIFF SAFETY-VALVE.

Secretary Root speaks for the Administration, no doubt, and speaks forcibly, when he urges Congress to reduce the duties on Cuban and Philippine sugar and tobacco at once. His annual report argues the matter on both economic and governmental grounds. Cuba's only possible market is in the United States; it would be easy for us to build up a much greater market for our products in Cuba; freer trade relations will be a good thing, therefore, on both sides. This may be heresy to the hide-bound protectionist, but to the business man it will come as a cheering gleam of common sense.

The case is really simplicity itself. Here we have at our doors an almost inexhaustible source of the cheapest and best sugar in the world. Americans are already the greatest sugar-consumers on earth. Why should they think themselves compelled to pay an extra and needless cent and a half a pound for this necessary of life? As the *Tribune's* Washington correspondent puts it, in a sudden access of frankness about the effect of protective taxes on the consumer, we pay for our sugar $84,000,000 a year more than it would cost if imported free. Of this amount, he truly says, $48,000,000 goes into the Treasury, and $36,000,000 into the pockets of the protected interests. But our obvious self-interest in reducing or removing the sugar tax is really two-fold. We should buy more and cheaper sugar of the Cubans; they would buy of us more machinery and cotton goods and bacon. There never was a clearer opportunity for developing a great trade, advantageous to both sides. Mr. Root states the case conclusively. His logic is unanswerable. The protectionists in Congress do not intend to answer it, but only, with their "fine brute majority," to vote it down.

They ought, however, to weigh not only the Secretary's commercial arguments, but his plea on grounds of high national policy. He paints with vigorous but not exaggerated strokes a picture of the certain fate of Cuba if we deny her the speedy relief which we have promised. Her great industry, the very life of the island as it is, finds itself in a critical situation. Unless the threatened disaster to it is averted, distress and misery will surely follow, and on an appalling scale. The good work done under our military government will be thrown away. Our troops cannot withdraw, or, if they do, will leave behind them only a scene of agricultural ruin and governmental anarchy. With reciprocity denied, no Cuban Government could live a week. All this Secretary Root sets forth, and shows convincingly that in Cuba, as in the Philippines, the stimulation of trade by tariff concessions is the only direct way to the withdrawal or reduction of our garrisons, the only means of economy, and the only measure which will at once conciliate our island wards, set them on their feet, and enable us to face them and the world as men who have kept our promises.

President Roosevelt in his message is leading Congress to the water of Cuban reciprocity with fully as vigorous a jerk upon the halter; but can he and Secretary Root and Gen. Wood and our worried exporters all together make the animal drink? That is the question. If we may believe the outgivings of the Republican managers, the question is already answered in the negative. They have determined to do nothing. If they adhere to their announced plans, the Cubans will be turned away empty-handed, the Filipinos will get nothing, and our manufacturers and farmers, with an eye on the export trade, will be told to content themselves with "the home market," already bursting as it is with their products. And all for what? All in order that the men who see their personal advantage in the tariff, which many of them consider that they bought and paid for, may not be disturbed in their little monopolies. All in order that the Republican party may, if possible, cover up its internal differences on this whole subject, lest they become sharp dissensions and lead to somebody's losing an office. Trade may be lost, and welcome; opportunities may be thrown out of the window; but if the offices are lost, what will be left for this unhappy country then?

For our part, we do not believe that this policy of silence and suppression can be followed. The Republicans of the West are not so easily frightened or gagged; and the Western Republican view of the tariff situation is that something must be done about it, and that without loss of time. This view was plumply laid before the President, the other day, by Governor-elect Cummins of Iowa, who stated it to be, in effect, as follows:

"(1.) Western Republicans want the tariff revised, either by means of a direct reduction in certain duties, or by reciprocity treaties which shall mean something tangible.

"(2.) They will not be satisfied with a 'let well enough alone' policy, or with any makeshift which pretends to reduce, but actually does nothing of the sort.

"(3.) They will not be put off with reciprocity treaties which affect non-competitive articles and goods, because they know such reciprocity is a sham.

"(4.) They are not content to sit idly by while Continental countries are raising tariff rates and shutting out American agricultural products in retaliation for the continuation of our high-tariff walls for the benefit of Eastern manufacturers.

"(5.) They will not long endure paying for home-made protected goods higher prices than those goods are sold for abroad.

"(6.) They want competition in all the goods which they consume; and if they cannot get competition at home, they want the tariff reduced, so that it may come from abroad."

This is the dangerous rumbling of the steam in the boilers with which the Republican engineers have to deal. They can open the safety-valve and relieve the pressure, or they can continue squatting upon it till they are blown up.

THE DUTIES ON BAGGAGE.

Secretary Gage's article in the December *North American Review* on the "Customs Inspection of Baggage" is excellent so far as it goes. It expresses the determination of the Treasury Department to enforce the law as it stands, without fear or favor. Rich and poor alike are compelled to bow to it. The "courtesy of the port"—that mantle to cover a multitude of smuggling—has been abolished except in the cases of foreign ministers and commissioners, Government officials, and "invalids and their companions," as also of "persons arriving in charge of their dead, or summoned home in haste by news of affliction or disaster." The baggage inspectors themselves have been more rigidly inspected, and the force more ingeniously organized, for the purpose of breaking up the old system of bribery. And the fiscal result of this new enforcement of the law is seen in collections nearly five-fold what they were. During the seven months ending September 30, baggage duties to the amount of $655,000 were turned in, whereas the corresponding period in 1900 yielded but $152,000.

All this is as it should be, *the law being what it is.* For our part, we have always desired that the full rigors of the baggage tax be inflicted upon Americans returning to their own, their native land. That is the way to make the law odious. By that means alone can the crass barbarity of the law be brought home to a certain order of pro-

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tectionist intellect. We know, in fact, that it has had that happy effect in many cases. More than one smilingly complacent protectionist, as he was before, has left the pier, stripped and gasping, and crying out in a lamentable voice, "I believe in protection, of course, but this! Understand, I am a good Republican, but if there is any way of making the party smart for this sort of thing, why, count me in!" This is, to us, a delightful way of proving that the extreme of the law is the extreme of injustice. More power to the rummaging elbow of the baggage inspector, say we, and may he spill out on the dock contents of the trunk of every high-and-mighty protectionist until the law is repealed. Of *this* method of "frying the fat" out of protectionists we heartily approve.

What we miss in Secretary Gage's article is any, the slightest, reference to the propriety of the law. His official position doubtless forbids him to go into that, though it is the one thing which cries out for treatment. Why move heaven and earth to enforce a law which is so petty and absurd in its intent, and so offensive in its application, that it ought never to have had a place in the statute-book, and should, for all sound reasons of convenience, economy, and policy, be repealed at once?

It is unquestionably one of those laws which are better done away with because they are directly provocative of fraud and corruption and both public and private demoralization. In one sentence Mr. Gage seems to flatter himself that his Department has "broken up" the system of bribery formerly in vogue in connection with the inspection of baggage. But further on he thinks it safer to admit that "there is undoubtedly some wrong-doing still." Not only some, but a good deal, if the tales of returning Americans are not all the "great lies of great travellers," to use the Spanish phrase. In the nature of the case it must be so, sooner or later. A temporary spurt of vigilance may check the corruption for a time, but it is certain to return and be more widespread than ever. The law puts a premium upon bribery, offers a large reward for smuggling, and places before the officers sworn to enforce it the most alluring temptations to wink at its violation. Everybody knows that this is so. Human nature being what it is, the infallible consequence of a high protective tariff, enacted against swarms of travellers, is to defeat its own end, and promote only false swearing, itching palms, and payment of bribes instead of duties.

In addition to all this, the law is really humiliating to the United States in the exasperatingly petty attitude which it compels us to assume among the nations. It makes us look as if we thought travel a crime, and the intercourse of the civilized world a thing to be put down. The vexatious inquiries, the minute cross-examination, the insulting and indecent exposure of personal belongings in a public place, the delays, the risks to health, the open solicitations to bribery to which Americans are now subject on coming back to their own shores, are proceedings which might not surprise one in Timbuctoo or Uganda, but are frightfully out of place in a country leading the world in wealth and power. They are as much out of keeping with our station as if a Vanderbilt or a Rockefeller were to be seen with a gunny-sack on his shoulder, raking out rags and crusts from the garbage-barrels along Hester Street. No less miserly and paltry does this great nation appear when it harasses its own citizens for a few thousands of dollars duties on personal baggage. Laws, said John Stuart Mill, are made for the protection of men, not of phrases. In legislating to save the phrase "protective tariff," the Dingley Act went so far as to forget the men and women whose comfort and education and general benefit in foreign travel are of more value to the public than all the dollars and all the "consistency of protective theory" which can possibly be got out of the baggage law. The real question is not how to enforce it, but how to expunge it. As a source of national disgrace—for it makes foreigners jeer at us—as a direct prompting to corruption, and as a specimen of rag-picking legislation unworthy of a rich and proud people, Congress should "reform it altogether"—that is, should return to the ante-Dingley practice, as regards personal baggage, in force from the foundation of the Government until the absurd "$100 clause" was put into the tariff.

ASPECTS OF BIOGRAPHY.

At a recent meeting of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution Lord Rosebery, as presiding officer, discussed entertainingly the subject of biographies, a matter concerning which the author of 'Napoleon: the Last Phase' professed complete inexperience.

"In my Utopia," he said, "I would have a Board of Censors, who would not allow the biographies of any one to be issued without their sanction. They would divide their time into people whose biographies were to be written, and those whose biographies were not to be written. . . . I would go a little further. I would classify even those biographies that are permissible; and when the subject was once taken as being licensed for a biography, I would divide the biographies into first-class biographies, second-class biographies, third-class biographies, and biographies that might be put into a very expanded biographical dictionary. That would be the fourth class. The first class might have three volumes, the second might have two, and the third one."

Just why such a censorship was desirable had been already explained by the speaker of the evening, Mr. Asquith. It was not so much that there were few persons worthy of biography—in fact, Mr. Asquith believed that certain lives, like that of the late Master of Balliol, must inevitably evade the biographer's analysis; it was rather that very few are fitted for the biographer's task.

It is, indeed, a curious fact that one of the most difficult branches of the literary art should ordinarily be turned over to the unskilled. That the portraying of great men should so commonly fall to intimate friends, pious relatives, indiscreet admirers, or, worse yet, to industrious hacks, brings a deeper penalty than is usually the result of dabbling in letters. For most literary forms have their laws, by obeying which the most inexpert may be spared the worst indiscretions. Biography, on the other hand, remains an unscheduled realm of the writer's art. Before the biographer lies a confused mass of material—letters, journals, published writings, anecdotes, comments of friend and of foe. From this mere cumulation of details in themselves insignificant he must select the significant, and shape and weld it all into the figure of a living and breathing man. This is his task. But nothing prevents him from misusing this material. He may write a series of disquisitions on phases of his hero's activities, and bind them in a book, in the hope that paste and boards will do the part of constructive vision; or he may print his raw material in chronological order, and call upon the reader to be the biographer. Into one pitfall or the other most biographers have fallen.

No offence is more generally laid at the biographer's door than failure in frankness. As Thackeray virtually dared the novelists of his day, himself included, to paint the picture of a man as unsparingly as Fielding had done in 'Tom Jones,' so there is a pretty constant suspicion that most of the "lives" on the book-stalls have been pretty thoroughly pruned in a spirit of charity. This suspicion has led to a counter tendency in biography, and to a series of "real" Shelleys, Byrons, Washingtons, etc., in which the "real" means usually "objectionable" or "immoral." Of course this is only to replace an indiscretion of friendliness by an indiscretion of unfriendliness. But it is probable that what often seems cowardice in the biographer is rather inexpertness. The enormous mass of material that is at hand for a modern man of any prominence is appalling. Few will handle it with the felicity that Mr. Scudder has shown in his 'Lowell.' The great majority will fumble rather helplessly with the mass, and draw out what seems superficially most attractive. This procedure may well deserve the kind of reprehension it is certain to incur from Mr. Henley and professional truth-tellers generally, but the criticism really lies less against the character than the judgment of the biographer.

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For it all comes down to the question of judgment. Mr. Henley will have it that Mr. Graham Balfour has completely suppressed a very unedifying but most human and attractive Stevenson in favor of a heroic "shorter catechist" who wrote Vailima prayers and abounded in lay sermons. Here we touch a difficult matter, and should not rashly decide with Mr. Henley. Is it not possible that the shorter catechist in Stevenson may have been the essential man, that the conscious Bohemianism which Mr. Henley wished to see emphasized may, after all, only be a graft upon the sturdy Scottish stock? If so, Mr. Balfour is justified in his reticences and in the proportions which he has chosen for his book. If any really important chapter of Stevenson's life remains to be told, if experiences which wrought permanently upon his character have been slurred, we may well thank Mr. Henley if he will supply the missing clue. But if Stevenson's random stage was simply that of many another man, the less we know of it (except that it esisted) the better. In fact, the apostles of frankness in biography often seem to have in mind a very stupid or a very guileless reader. No one, for example, who knows the world will need to be told the full story of the time when Stevenson, the undergraduate, lived sordidly over a tobacco-shop; no one who is ignorant of the world should be told it.

If simple inexpertness is at the bottom of so much bad biography, Lord Rosebery's Utopian college of censors might better busy themselves with deciding who should write biographies than with selecting persons to be written about. For it might almost be said that no life is so unimportant that its record under a master hand may not yield something for the recreation and the enlightenment of us all. No sensible reader refuses to enjoy Sainte-Beuve's 'Portraits' simply because many of these people made little stir in the world. The supply of subjects is inexhaustible; the supply of heaven-born biographers small. Meanwhile we must put up with the publishers' judgment, instead of Lord Rosebery's censorship; and even as it is, and excluding the acknowledged masterpieces, biography has a peculiar value. When we are tempted, in Mr. Asquith's words, "to doubt the ultimate purpose and meaning of human existence"—as what thoughtful mind is not at times?—then the remembrance of many lives which have been lived greatly brings back the assurance that, however mysterious the ends of living may be, living is itself infinitely interesting, and worth while. Some such enhancement of life comes from all great literature; from biography it comes in a form singularly personal and direct. Upon the biographer, then, rests an especial responsibility, for in his hands are the issues not of one life only, but of many lives.

TWO PICTURES WITH A PAST.

LONDON, November, 1901.

There are two pictures now being exhibited in London, the interest of which depends in a large measure upon their recent adventures. These are the famous "Duchess of Devonshire," by Gainsborough, at Messrs. Agnew's Gallery in Bond Street, and the equally famous Chigi Botticelli, at Messrs. Colnaghi's in Pall Mall. Both have been the subject of so much talk and discussion that I think most people have been as curious as I to find out how far their artistic merit justifies the excitement.

The story of the "Lost Duchess" has long been well known, and the recovery of the missing canvas only last spring was the cause of its being told over again, with detail eloquently elaborated. The picture was bought at the Wynn Ellis sale in 1876 by Messrs. Agnew for £10,605, a price unusually large in those days. Almost at once, the picture mysteriously disappeared; thieves had cut it out of the frame and carried it off by night. All sorts of rumors were promptly spread: Messrs. Agnew had been cheated and preferred to get rid of the picture rather than admit they had been taken in—and so on, and so on. But rumors did not bring back the picture, and even those who had repeated the tale began to wonder if a firm of business men would be willing to sink so much money to pay for a blunder. Occasionally, in the course of years, one heard that the picture, now here, now there, was on the point of being returned by the thieves. And, in fact, so much was said that the public was inclined to think it but another report when the London papers announced last spring that one of the Agnews had just come home from America with the "Lost Duchess" in his luggage.

The picture was to have been exhibited in May, but the exhibition was put off. In the meanwhile, another "Duchess of Devonshire," with an equally adventurous record, made its appearance at Messrs. Graves's: a three-quarter length, which some claimed to be the original canvas from which the familiar engraving was made. The story was, that the Duchess had objected to its being exhibited, and had carried it off as soon as finished; then Gainsborough painted a second, for exhibition—Messrs. Agnew's picture. Certainly, Gainsborough did paint two; but another story is that he was himself disappointed with the first, and, on its being exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1778 and declared by Walpole to be "very bad and washy," he smeared the mouth with a wet brush, refused to deliver the portrait, destroyed it, and set to work at a second—Messrs. Agnew's.

According to the tale of last spring, the first had not been destroyed by any one, but had been presented by the Duchess to a nameless son. His heirs had carried it to the colonies and it had turned up in London again, just at the moment when interest was at fever heat. I saw the picture, but it was so decidedly the worse for wear that I should hesitate to pronounce an opinion. Neither do I vouch for the stories; I repeat them merely for what they are worth. And now, after all this excitement, the stolen "Duchess" is once more on public exhibition in London. It seems almost useless to describe the picture, so well is it known. It is a half length, and the Duchess, with her towering black hat and feathers overshadowing the elaborate coiffure of the day, her often-copied fichu, her arms crossed, the right hand, unseen, holding up her draperies, the left playing with a rosebud, is as familiar a personage to us all as the Philip of Velasquez, the Charles of Van Dyck, or the Rembrandt by himself. The ribbons are blue, and the white gown is shot through with blue, the color Gainsborough loved to paint; there is a romantic background of trees and sky, and the picture, as a whole, has the agreeable tone that comes with age. But, to be honest, it is a disappointment. At its best, it could never have been one of the masterpieces of Gainsborough, who could paint character as well as prettiness. This is the reason, probably, why doubts have been thrown upon its authenticity, though I am assured that one of the authorities ready to pronounce against it before he had seen the portrait, is, now that he has seen it, about to make a public recantation.

But it is too pretty; that is the trouble. The face has the sort of charm we associate with Books of Beauty and old-fashioned Keepsakes. And it looks to me as though it had been repainted, so much fresher is it than the bust and the crossed arms. I know that Gainsborough relied largely upon lines for his modelling. He did not give you the planes of the face in the manner of Velasquez, or, for that matter, of Raeburn, his contemporary and fellow-Briton. If you look at the Mrs. Siddons in the National Gallery, you will find in it too a flatness—an unwillingness, as it were, to admit that a woman's flesh can be anything but smooth and soft, free of aggressive modelling. But the face of the Duchess has a slickness, the cheeks a rosiness, the lips a redness I do not think so typical of Gainsborough. In this case, unquestionably, had the picture gone through only the usual sale-room and gallery adventures, it would scarcely have won its present fame. For my part, I should gladly exchange it for Gainsborough's less famous "Viscountess Ligonier," now in the same gallery, or even his modest little "Sir William Blackstone," with genuine character in the face, and a most ingenious arrangement of the judicial, fur-trimmed red robes. But neither of these pictures would have drawn the crowds that are daily flocking to Agnew's, and the chances are that never before has their winter exhibition made such a substantial sum for the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, to which the profits are always devoted. Mr. Pierpont Morgan may have the satisfaction—if it be a satisfaction—of knowing that he is the owner of the most-talked-about picture of the day.

The Chigi Botticelli, however, comes in a good second. If thieves have not lent it distinction, at least it can claim the glory of having been smuggled out of Italy; and feats of smuggling always do appeal to the public. The main facts here again are fairly familiar. The picture belonged to Prince Chigi, but was so little appreciated that it remained hidden away in one of the lower halls of his Roman palace for years before it was discovered by Morelli and declared by him to be, except for the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, the only authentic Botticelli in Rome. This, of course, was enough to send every well-

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trained Morellian post-haste to the palace in the Piazza Colonna, and almost every one of them has had a word to say on the subject. But the great public does not hear with the same thrill the news of the critic's latest attribution, and, the Chigi palace not being open to every tourist who knocks at the door, the picture, had it stayed there, would have been comparatively unknown.

Prince Chigi, however, determined to part with it, as many an Italian prince has parted with his treasures before now. The story at the time was, that nearly seven thousand pounds was offered for it by a foreign dealer, upon which "a kind of auction was held among other competitors." According to the rumor, it was knocked down to one of the Rothschilds for £12,600. But the one thing certain was that while, after the declaration of purchase had been made, as the Italian law requires, to the Minister of Public Instruction, and he was deliberating upon it, the picture disappeared from Rome just as the Gainsborough had disappeared from London. The Prince was fined by one court the sum he had received; by another court the fine was reduced to a trivial £80; a third court, that of Cassation, cancelled both decisions, and the case has been sent for hearing to a fourth court. Those who are not intimately acquainted with the intricacies of Italian law begin to wonder into how many more it can be dragged before a final decision is reached. Upon its disappearance fresh rumors were scattered broadcast: the purchaser was not a Rothschild but a London dealer; the picture was in Paris, in Boston, in the collection of Mrs. John L. Gardner; it was here, there, and everywhere—until the other day Messrs. Colnaghi calmly produced it in their Pall Mall Gallery—"Exhibited by kind permission of Mrs. John L. Gardner"; and admitted, in an accompanying pamphlet, that it was bought of Prince Chigi at Rome, by their representative, in June, 1899.

One word about the picture before I point out the serious effect which its manner of transport may have. It is a very charming Botticelli, "The Madonna and Infant Christ and Angel" in the English catalogue, "La Madone aux Épis" in the French, but probably destined always to be known hereafter as "The Chigi Botticelli." The Angel, very typically Botticellian, offers a dish of grapes and wheat, symbolizing the Blessed Sacrament, to the Virgin, who holds, with less than her accustomed timidity, the infant Jesus, his right hand uplifted in the act of blessing the Angel's offering. The figures are set against an architectural screen, beyond which is a glimpse of low, brown hills and winding river. The design is graceful and harmonious, and the Angel seems the forerunner of many of the characteristic figures in Botticelli's later Madonnas. The Virgin, to me, is suggestive of Fra Lippo, though the experts say the picture, still a youthful work, was painted just at the time when Pollajuolo's influence was succeeding to the Friar's.

As Messrs. Colnaghi explain that, after Morelli's discovery, it was "judiciously renovated by Cavaliere Cavenaghi," it would be discreet not to pronounce upon its merits as a Botticelli too dogmatically. But the Morellian must pass a verdict of some kind (to him the passing of verdicts is the end of art); and in London he is busy finding such expression of transient and complex emotions in the picture as to make it seem already a foretaste of Leonardo.

It is, no doubt, something of a triumph for Mrs. Gardner and the London dealers to be displaying to the public the results of that clever little transaction in Rome—and all for the benefit of a charity, too, the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund. But law is law, and, in the eye of the Italian law, the picture was taken from the country illegally. You may think the Italian regulations in regard to works of art absurd, but there they are, and if you choose to go to Italy, you have to face and accept them. Now there must naturally be much latitude in the enforcement of these regulations. It is only in the case of pictures as famous as the Chigi Botticelli, or the Lemmi frescoes, which also were smuggled out of Italy, that attention is certain to be called to their infringement. But though it may not, as it should, be generally known, the law reaches the modern artist and his work as well. The American who goes to Italy cannot legally bring away his own sketches, or drawings, or pictures, or whatever it may be, without submitting to tedious formalities. For instance, as I know from an artist who has just returned from Venice, in that town he would have to carry his work to the accredited authorities at the Academy, at the hour appointed by them for their convenience, have it examined, measured, signed, and sealed by them, and then pay sixty centimes into the bargain. I do not suppose any one ever goes through this ceremony, and I do not believe any one has been stopped at the frontier for not doing so. But the report in Italy is that the Chigi Botticelli was smuggled out in an ordinary trunk; and now that the picture, after this adventure, is being publicly exhibited in a London gallery of repute, the Italian Government will no doubt become more vigilant. Ninety-nine artists may pass unchallenged; it will be the hundredth—some unfortunate American, perhaps, who has been going quietly about his own business of painting or drawing—who must bear the penalty.

But the extraordinary part of it to me is that the picture can hang peacefully on Messrs. Colnaghi's walls, or eventually in Mrs. Gardner's collection. If the Italian Government can demand satisfaction in Washington, or at the Court of St. James's, when anything happens to any Italian subject in any miserable riot, the responsibility for which may rest with himself, one would think it would not have to look on in silence at this triumphant display of a smuggled Italian treasure. But the chances are, as I say, that some unoffending artist will yet be made to pay, and so my warning may prove useful. The modern Italian has no respect for anything that is old, or anything that is beautiful; he must see the brand-new to be impressed. I do not doubt that the old work is in better hands when it has left Italy for the museums of Europe or even for private collections. But, for the sake of the artist who visits Italy, the pity is that old work cannot leave the country without open defiance of that country's laws.

N. N.

Correspondence.

SPECIAL PUNISHMENT FOR PRESIDENTIAL ASSASSINATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Respected Friend: The argument of Solicitor-General Richards, in his recent speech in Philadelphia, to prove that especial laws for the punishment of Anarchical attempts on our Presidents would be Constitutional, gives us a foretaste of the discussion of this matter by the ensuing Congress. It seems to me that the first question to be decided is, not whether such laws are Constitutional, but whether they are expedient. If such laws are inexpedient, all argument to prove that they are Constitutional is not only entirely gratuitous, but also inexpedient. It is a well-recognized fact that this crime is not likely to be committed—as an Anarchical crime at least—except by persons whose unbalanced and morbid minds are so inflamed by the spectacular features of the act that the legal punishment is rather an incentive than a deterrent. This plainly indicates the impropriety of investing the crime with avoidable spectacular features peculiar to itself. Our safety lies in the fact that our system of government renders the murder of the President utterly without even a plausible Anarchic excuse, because it is absolutely abortive and nugatory as an attack on governmental institutions. This is the obvious lesson of the late assassination, that needs to be particularly emphasized. But it seems that many of the leaders of our people are themselves so befogged by the spectacular features which distraught nerves and a vivid imagination may attribute to the case, that they are determined to exaggerate the merits of the crime from the Anarchistic point of view.

Freeman Stewart.

CHINESE EXCLUSION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A convention which was recently held in San Francisco for the purpose of continuing the barrier against immigration from China, ended by a memorial to Congress, with a repetition of the old arguments. The convention was composed almost exclusively of representatives of organized labor and the invertebrate politicians who enjoy, or who hope to enjoy, the favor of that considerable body of voters. It was a love-feast of that class which is willingly influenced by race hatred, is given to the use of broad phrases touching the liberty of mankind and the rights of Americans, and is determined to recognize the rights of the members of their own organizations, to the absolute exclusion of the rights of any who do not unite with them, or who, it is certain, are not likely to affiliate with them.

The narrow ground of the labor unions, as made manifest in the recent strike (when there were said to have been over two thousand brutal assaults by union men upon non-union men)—that a laborer who does not belong to a union has no rights—is in harmony with the tone of the memorial. The politicians of both parties do not dare to stand on a broader basis. Nevertheless, it would be a mistake for people

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who are so unfortunate as to reside outside of this labor-union-ridden community to accept inconsiderately this convention as at all expressing the opinions of the intelligent and fair-minded inhabitants of this State. They see in its action another blow at the existence of liberty to honest and independent labor, and a continuance of the subjection of employers to a deprivation of requisite help, even when coupled with the tyrannous conditions imposed by labor unions. They know that the picture of wrongs from Chinese immigration is ridiculously over-colored; that the need of the State for labor is not and cannot be satisfied by any possible supply of unskilled laborers in this country; that the alleged deteriorating influence of Chinamen upon the white population is utterly without foundation; that no considerable body of Americans ever did or is ever likely to suffer by competition with so-called Asiatic hordes, who fill a niche by themselves which cannot be filled in any other way; that the possibility of said hordes overwhelming this country is supremely absurd, in view of the impossibility of providing vessels sufficient to bring them if they desired to immigrate, and especially of the fact that, when the ports of America were most free to Chinamen, almost as many returned home yearly as came hither—moreover, that the average yearly increase of Chinese resident here did not much exceed six thousand, and that, at the time the barrier of exclusion was first erected, they had just become conscious of a greater America than was within the limits of the States on the Pacific Coast, and had already begun their immigration deeper into the broad land, among whose millions they were silently and unconcernedly absorbed. The virtues of the Chinese—their patience, industry, skill, economy, obedience, and absence from political interference or concern—put to shame the fearless impudence, laziness, and self-seeking of the immigrants to the Atlantic shore, who, with the first breath of American liberty, become intolerant of its enjoyment by any others.

A Subscriber.

San Francisco, November 27, 1901.

"MOAT."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the town of Groton, Massachusetts, the word *moat* is given to a small body of water usually found at the mouth of various brooks which empty into the Nashua River. For ten, fifteen, or twenty rods above the outlet there is a considerable widening of the small stream; and the adjacent ground is wet and boggy. In the spring and summer this sheet of water is generally covered with lily-pads, and is much frequented by pickerel. These pond-holes are commonly known among the farmers as *moats*—a term not in use with the same meaning in the neighboring towns, even though lying on the same river. It hardly seems probable that this use of the word is connected in any way with the ditch around a house or castle, filled with water. Groton is a town very nearly two hundred and fifty years old; and I am inclined to think that it is a folk-word, brought over from England by the early settlers.

Governor Boutwell writes me, under date of July 10, 1901, that "the word *moat* has been in use in Groton during my residence in the town, now more than sixty-six years. At several points on the Nashua River there are shallow channels that are nearly parallel with the river, and that connect with the river at the lower end. These are filled with water from the river. There are two such *moats* on my premises."

I should like it if anybody can throw light on the derivation of the word.

Samuel A. Green.

Boston, November 21, 1901.

THE CASE OF GEN. BULLER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will you allow me, not as one having any special information, but merely as one of the too few Englishmen who read the *Nation* pretty regularly, to make one or two remarks on the paragraph respecting Gen. Buller in your paper of October 17? You are, according to all that I can make out, mistaken in supposing that the weight of social influence was cast in Gen. Buller's favor. On the contrary, it is generally believed that he was not *persona grata* either in what is called "society" (whose younger members are said to have been inadequately represented on his staff), or in the War Office, as at present constituted. He was one of the "Wolseley gang," as the men who are advanced by that officer are politely called, and that is not a title to favor just now. But, worst of all, he is said to have been lacking in due regard for the interests of the financiers who, whether or not they pay the piper, undoubtedly call the tune to which we are at present dancing; and, at his first start in Africa, he acted as though the safety of Ladysmith and an army were a more urgent claim on him than that of Mr. Rhodes and the diamond mines. As commander at Aldershot—a post which he held before his appointment to South Africa, and to which he reverted on his return—he could not have been overlooked when the commanders of our new "army corps" were being selected; but, from the moment of his appointment to one of those posts, a dead set was made at him in those organs of the press which claim to represent "society." I may say, too, that, from the moment he took command in Natal, all kinds of malicious rumors had been spread about him. At all events, he did what was doubtless imprudent in a man who must have known that any handle against him would be eagerly seized—he made a speech. Plenty of other generals have made speeches, and political speeches at that, in the last year; Buller's speech was purely personal. However, it gave the desired handle for the time, though I fancy we have not heard the last of it. I may add that it is by no means the opponents of the Government alone who are disgusted with their dealing in this matter. It is said that if a general election were held now, they would lose every seat in the west of England, to which Gen. Buller belongs. Moreover, he is better liked by his men than perhaps any other general in our army at present.

You will probably have seen ere this what is believed to be the true version of the inculpated message, and that the clause as to what was to be done in the event of surrender (surely a possible event in any siege) was written with the generous intention of saving his subordinate as much responsibility as might be.

Yours obediently, A. J. Butler.

Wood End, Wæybridge, England, November 21, 1901.

Notes.

The 'Book of One Hundred Houses' about to be published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago, will be illustrated with photographs of actual homes.

Cassell & Co. are about to publish 'A Masque of Days, from the Last Essays of Elia,' with forty full-page designs in color, by Walter Crane; and 'Marine Painting in Water-Color,' by W. L. Wyllie, A. R. A.

New announcements by Macmillan Co. are 'The College Student and his Problem,' by James A. Canfield, LL.D., Librarian of Columbia University, and 'Mental Growth and Control,' by Nathan Oppenheim, M.D.

A. Wessels Co. will publish 'Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern,' collected by Joshua Sylvestre.

A reissue of Smollett's Works in twelve volumes (London: Constable; New York: Scribners) might afford a theme for a homily or for a reappreciation of a writer still widely read less than fifty years ago, and possibly having now a certain vogue in our public libraries. There is undoubted historical value in his picaresque fiction, but it must be sought amid a repulsive amount of indecency and blackguardism, and perhaps existing editions would adequately have met the demand of the student of manners. We shall only say of the present revival that the volumes are large, the print unusually clear, the illustrations (one to each volume) confined to portraits of the author, a view of his monument at Leven, a facsimile of his handwriting, and, for the rest, Cruikshank's designs. The introduction is by Mr. W. E. Henley, and is full of rhetorical affectation and excess, larded with foreign phrases, and overweighted with footnotes. It cannot be regarded as a very tempting vestibule to the present enterprise.

Messrs. Scribner's name is associated with Downey & Co.'s in the final volume of the Thornton Edition of the Novels of the Sisters Brontë, being Mrs. Gaskell's Life of Charlotte. It has all the merit of its predecessors, as good book-making, while Mrs. Gaskell's intellectual and attractive face supplies the frontispiece.

The Oxford Miniature Edition of Browning's 'Dramatic Lyrics and Romances, and Other Poems' (Henry Frowde) is drawn from first editions, 1833-1855; but permission has been given to print the epilogue to "Asolando," Browning's swan-song, and his early portrait is prefixed. The Oxford India paper makes 800 pages a small thing for the pocket, box included. It is a treasure.

'Stray Papers by William Makepeace Thackeray' (Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.) is the assembled gleanings of Mr. Lewis Melville from the files of those news journals to which Thackeray contributed between the years 1821-1847. Much of this volume is of very dubious authenticity unless we may accept the opinion of Mr. Melville and his friends as final authority on Thackeray's style. More of the volume was scarcely worth saving, even if it be authen-

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tic. At least two or three of Thackeray's book-reviews for the *Times* are welcome. Nothing that the author of 'Henry Esmond' and the "Lectures on the English Humorists" had to say on such subjects as "The Duchess of Marlborough's Private Correspondence" or on "Henry Fielding" can be regarded as unimportant. The compression needful to bring all this matter into 500 pages has compelled resort to a pretty crowded page in small type. There are numerous illustrations, apparently by Thackeray.

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. call our attention to the fact that, in our recent notice of Mrs. Garnett's new version of Tolstoy's 'Anna Karenin,' our reviewer selected for comparison Mr. Dole's *first* translation, which was avowedly partly from the French, overlooking his "new translation, directly from the Russian," which forms part of the uniform edition recently issued by the same house. This is a proper rectification, but our reviewer had no animus in choosing the most accessible edition. We have examined the sample passages cited in our notice, and find that Mr. Dole is now much closer to Mrs. Garnett and the original than formerly.

Mrs. Pimenoff-Noble's 'Before the Dawn' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) refers to the early seventies, "before the dawn" of educational reforms in Russia, in the restless period of student enthusiasm for "going to the people" and plotting insurrection. It is somewhat of the conventional type of such romances. The heroine, Tanya, is a beautiful, charitable girl-student, whose origin is wrapped in mystery, and who turns out to be the real owner of the wicked banker's wealth, said banker being an ex-convict and the father of Tanya's dearest friend. Unlike the procedure in real life, the banker repents, after experiencing divers bereavements (also unlike the real experience of rascals), and makes restitution, thereby enabling Tanya to marry the man of her choice. This hero is, also, rather stereotyped: handsome, mysterious, fascinating, the illegitimate son of a princess, and, to crown his romantic perfections, a plotter against the Government, who has escaped from Siberia. This process he afterwards successfully repeats. The subordinate characters and discussions are of the usual order. The book is well written, though with a certain stiffness which would seem to indicate a first effort, and is mildly interesting for those who like the subject. It is unfortunate for both the author and the readers that the majority of the proper names are wrongly accented, including such familiar examples as Gontcharoff, Viazemsky, Likachev, Lobanov (and its feminine form, Lobanova), Rozhdesvenstky, Gorokhovaya, Vorontzoff, Tverskaya, Mokhovaya, Khomiakoff.

Mr. William Henry P. Phyfe, hitherto known chiefly as a writer on pronunciation, has gathered, in 815 double-column pages, '5,000 Facts and Fancies: A Cyclopædia of Important, Curious, Quaint, and Unique Information in History, Literature, Science, Art, and Nature' (Putnams). Not much of its contents can be "unique," though some items may be uncommon. Many of the topics are familiar to persons of average education, and a large proportion may be found in any well-regulated encyclopædia; but the compiler has aimed to fill up the deficiencies of these, while covering any ground common to him and them. Special attention has been paid to nicknames; thus, the adjective Little is here prefixed to Dickens's Dorrit, Em'ly, and Nell, to Mac and Napoleon (McClellan), to Villain (in Greeley's acrid phrase for his rival H. J. Raymond), etc. In this category, or near it, one might look to find the Deutero-Isaiah and the Pseudo-Clementines, but in vain. "Zu-zu" is here (for the Zouaves of 1861), but not Mr. Kipling's "Fuzzy-wuzzy," a later and still fiercer man of war. Most of our political and military Americanisms are here, but not "Fuss and Feathers," nor yet the more recent "Bushwhacker." In another field, Purgatory is here, but not the Intermediate State; in yet another, the Triquetra is notable by its absence; but the curiosities included probably outnumber those overlooked, and the ordinary reader, to whom Mr. Phyfe especially appeals, is likely to find the collection satisfactory. It is not a book of the cheap and random kind formerly so abundant: the author has laboriously sought to be accurate, and apparently with good success. "In the midst of life," here credited to a hymn of Luther, is found in a MS. of the eleventh century, and is popularly ascribed to Notker (d. 912). Two curious items are the alleged tracing of the word Methodist to "Cromwell's time" and of the Law of Gravitation to Shakspere.

Mr. Percy W. Church is a mighty hunter, and has put together a modest little book ('Chinese Turkestan with Caravan and Rifle'; London: Rivingtons), on the big game still to be found in Chinese Turkestan, especially the Altaic wapiti, the great stag of the Tian-Shan, which is cousin to our elk. There is in it no pretension to geographical or political information, nor attempt at fine descriptive writing. But the record, with its detailed information on the conditions and chances of *shikari* there and the necessary equipment for it, will undoubtedly be very useful to the small number of sportsmen who can go hunting in Central Asia. It is entertaining, too, in its simple, straightforward way.

Mr. A. J. Wyatt's 'Old English Reader' (Cambridge: University Press; New York: Macmillan) confines itself strictly to early West Saxon. Its ninety-six pages of text are taken from the Chronicle and from King Alfred's 'Orosius' and 'Pastoral Care.' As the editor points out in his preface, the book thus contributes, in its way, to the celebration of the royal translator's thousandth anniversary. There are, however, no traces of festal profusion. The entries in the glossary occupy, as a rule, a single line. Quantities are marked only here. The notes concisely identify localities and assist in translation, giving references to the author's 'Old English Grammar.' The only foreign scholar whom the author has occasion to name is Rask (died 1832). Text, notes, and glossary are commendably accurate, but no concession is made to the weaker sort, who would like even a Reader of Old English to be attractive.

The present revival of the Irish language is largely due, in the first instance, to the scholarship and the publications of Dr. Joyce. His 'School Irish Grammar' has for the past twenty years been the only working grammar available for ordinary students, Zeuss's being beyond all but advanced students, and O'Donovan's, likewise for advanced students, being out of print. Dr. Joyce has now two competitors—Mr. Craig's 'Modern Irish Grammar,' published last year, and the Christian Brothers' 'Grammar of Irish' (Dublin: Gill & Son), which has just appeared. This last is likely to prove the most formidable rival to the older work. It is a marvel of cheapness, furnishing a larger page, clearer type, and more than twice the number of pages, for the same money. It has many new features, explains and defines much that is left obscure in previous works of similar pretensions. Most students of Irish, even if holding to their old guides, are likely to purchase a copy, if only for reference. Joyce's work is simpler and less complicated; it puts forward, in a scholarly way, the grammatical features necessary to be grasped by the elementary student. We still believe it to be a better work for children and adult learners to begin with. There is some danger of the nice refinements of a curiously complicated language, stated as they are in the Christian Brothers' 'Grammar,' discouraging many who might be led on by Joyce's broader and simpler exposition.

'The Theory of Romantic Comedy' (Brussels: Schepens), by Paul Hamelius, professor at the Royal Athenæum of Elsene, Brussels, will recommend itself to American readers in no small measure on account of the popularity of the *genre* at the present time. Dr. Hamelius is already known to scholars on this side of the Atlantic by his excellent monograph on 'English Criticism in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.' In his latest work the methods and results of German æsthetics are applied to the field of romantic comedy, which the one-sided treatment of Mr. Meredith's recent essay had left untouched in the exclusive consideration of the comedy of manners. A considerable body of literature has grown up of late about the subject of the comic, including the works of such writers as Michaels, Bergson, Philbert, and Massarini, and the present study of Hamelius will be found an interesting and intelligent introduction to the subject. We have already called attention to the small but enthusiastic group of Anglicists at Brussels, of which he is one of the foremost members, and in this connection it may not be inappropriate to mention that the Institut Solvay, recently founded at the University of Brussels through the munificence of the wealthy Belgian merchant whose name it bears, will include hereafter on its staff of instructors two other members of this group, M. Paul de Reul, who will lecture on the evolution of language, and M. Vermeylen, who will lecture on the history of art.

Acton Davies's 'Maude Adams' (Frederick A Stokes Co.) is a brightly written, highly laudatory, and profusely illustrated biographical sketch of a young actress, whose attractive personality and natural adaptability to certain lines of eccentric light comedy have enabled her to win the rewards of wide popularity without any very solid achievement. In such plays as "The Masked Ball" and "The Little Minister" she was well suited and did some good work, but her success in "Romeo and Juliet" and "L'Aiglon" was without serious artistic significance. Her dramatic growth is still problematical. As yet, she has

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done nothing to entitle her to the dignity of a volume, and Mr. Davies's little book is made up largely of play-plots, childish anecdotes, large type, photographs, and abundant margins. It seems to be a tribute of personal friendship, and doubtless will be valued as such by Miss Adams and her enthusiastic admirers.

The Protozoa, from their simplicity of organization and the suspicion that a thorough knowledge of them might furnish clues to a solution of the problems of the beginning of animal life, have always excited the interest of both the professional naturalist and the microscopist. Their vital processes appear to afford a transition from the manifestations of life in its simplest expression to those seen in the lower members of the other types of invertebrates. By search among these unicellular organisms it has long been hoped that morphological problems of deep significance in the evolution of the higher animals might be solved. Investigation has shown that some of the direst ailments which afflict humanity, such as cancer, malaria, and dysentery, may probably be traced to the influence of malign protozoa. No thoroughly satisfactory summary of our present knowledge of this group has hitherto been accessible in English, and therefore the manual by Gary N. Calkins, in the Columbia University Biological Series (Macmillan), is doubly welcome. In addition to the technical systematic portion, which forms the body of the work and will be chiefly interesting to professional students, the author has provided an introduction treating of the history of research upon the group, and the general features of the animals it contains, which could hardly be uninteresting to any intelligent reader. Mr. Calkins has been particularly happy in his manner of presentation, which leaves nothing to be desired in the way of literary finish and ease of statement—points in which many eminent naturalists are regrettably deficient. The book is elegantly printed and illustrated, many of the excellent figures being due to the facile pencil of Mrs. Calkins; and, as it fills a notable gap in the ranks of modern English handbooks, will without doubt meet with due appreciation from the large body of students to which it appeals.

The fourth part of the 'Treatise on Zoology' edited by E. Ray Lankester (Macmillan), comprising the Platyhelmia, Mesozoa, and Nemertini, has been prepared by Prof. W. B. Benham of the University of Otago, New Zealand, very much on the lines of the previous issues of this series. The groups treated of include the so-called flat worms and many organisms of a parasitic nature and economic interest, such as the liver-flukes, tapeworms, etc. The text is generously illustrated and clearly printed. The subject is treated throughout from a strictly professional and technical standpoint, for the use of zoölogists and as a work of reference for students. For these purposes it is, without question, of the highest authority, and will prove indispensable in all zoölogical libraries.

Mr. Gelett Burgess's thin vein of humor suffers distinctly by aggregation in the 'Burgess Nonsense Book' (F. A. Stokes Company). Here, eminently, the half, or a much smaller portion, would have been greater than the whole. The best of the introductory nonsense quatrains, the ballads of the Chewing-Gum Man and the Bankrupt Babe, and the Alphabet of Famous Goops, with very little else, would have served better the ends alike of humor and of fame. Much, too, in the grotesque drawings has been distinctly lost by reduction from the original scale and the exchange of the agreeable manila paper of the *Lark* for the shiny abomination which now spoils our books and our eyes.

Two little volumes from the Dent laboratory of invention and good taste (New York: Dutton) are entitled "The Bairnbooks," and make an uncommonly effective appeal to the interest of the young. One tells in simple language—text by Walter Copeland—of the farm and its life; the other—text by Clara Bridgman—is called the 'Book of Days,' and deals with many holidays unknown on this side of the water. Charles Robinson furnishes colored illustrations in both cases, with much old-fashioned felicity. Children are sure to like these booklets.

The ninth publication of the American Jewish Historical Society contains a number of papers which not only are of genuine historical value, but are often most entertaining. The story of the trials of the first Russian-American Jewish congregation is full of humor—of a sardonic Semitic cast, it is true. Dr. Gottheil tells of a most remarkable rascal, a several times proselyte to Judaism, who finally vanished in an auto-de-fé at Seville in 1720. His career suggests that autos-de-fé may have had their sphere of usefulness. There is also a valuable contribution (with maps) to the history of the Jews in Surinam; and many others. The number is one of interest throughout.

At the recent meeting of the Egyptian Exploration Fund in London, Professor Petrie stated that during the past year "the continuous order of seventeen kings had been established," adding that "the very foundations of Egyptian history have been settled in a manner which has hitherto seemed entirely beyond hope." The historical character of the supposed mythical Mena has been demonstrated: "We have seen and handled the gold, the crystal, the ivory with his name and engravings; and even the kings which went before him are better known to us by actual objects than are half the Saxon kings of England. No such complete materialization of history has been obtained at one stroke from any other country or age." The next work before the fund is the excavation of the great temple site of Abydos, the ground of the earliest temple, that of Osiris, "the great relic which drew around it the burials of the historic times" and possibly those of the earliest dynasties. The site is about 500 feet by 1,000 feet, and its excavation will occupy some three years. Professor Petrie closed his address with a review of what had been accomplished since he first began work in Egypt twenty-one years ago. The monumental history has been carried back to the very beginning of the written record, which has been entirely confirmed; and, beyond all that, the whole course of the prehistoric civilization has been mapped out, for perhaps 2,000 years, more completely than has been done for such ages in any other land. The connection with Europe—of which there was no trace twenty-one years ago earlier than the Ptolemies—has been led back to the first dynasty, and "Egypt is the sounding-line for the unmeasured abysses of European history."

The material progress of India under British rule of late years has been due largely to irrigation works. At the opening of a new canal in October it was reported that since 1864 the irrigated land in the Punjab alone had increased from 625,000 acres, with crops valued at five million dollars, to 6,000,000 acres, with crops worth fifty million dollars. To this should be added the fact that new homesteads in vast numbers are being provided for the inhabitants of the over-populated districts. Within the past ten years an unproductive tract in the Punjab, comprising 4,420 square miles, where a race of nomads found a scanty pasturage for their cattle, is now owned and cultivated by 792,000 persons, whose paternal acres were too narrow for them.

From Ernest Nister, London, and E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, we receive a great variety of calendars for 1902 (MCMII): "Merry Hearts," "Heavenly Guidance," "Golden Childhood," "Sweet Blossoms," "A Church Calendar"—all these consisting of sheets decorated in color and fastened by a ribbon; a "Gloria in Excelsis," after Fra Angelico; and "The Élite," of sport and fashion.

The Bryn Mawr College Calendar, 1902, which proceeds from the Students' Association of that college, is a well designed and attractively printed and tinted oblong brochure. The twelve seasonal drawings, all by women, are remarkably good and even in quality. In short, there is nothing amateurish about this calendar, and it should find favor in any woman's college.

The Princeton Calendar for 1902 consists of squarish orange cardboard sheets, tastefully adorned with photographic views of college scenery, buildings, and athletes.

—The leading article in the *Atlantic* for December is by John Ball Osborne, and deals with "Expansion through Reciprocity." It is partly historical and partly expository; in the latter respect, somewhat obscurely so. The writer labors under the difficulty, which besets all advocates of the general principle of reciprocity, of having to reconcile it with high protection. Sometimes this leads to curious results, as when Mr. Osborne expounds section 4 of the Dingley Law, which he declares is the "real legislative expression of the Republican pledge of reciprocity." This empowers the President to negotiate treaties which may provide for a 20 per cent. reduction on any article imported from any country. At the first blush, this would seem to be at war with the "pledge of protection" which was "faithfully executed by Congress in the schedules of import duties contained in the first section of the Dingley tariff." But Mr. Osborne proceeds to show that this is not so, and that there is no conflict whatever between the objects in view, but rather "an admirable harmony." The explanation, he says, is simple. When the rates were being formulated, "it was clearly understood by the framers of the law and by the interested manufacturers" that every rate was subject to reduction by a fifth, and "the rates were consequently made one-fifth higher than would otherwise have been justified." Reciprocity, under the Dingley Law is, therefore, "not in any sense an abandonment of the protective system, nor

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can it properly be said to be a step in the direction of free trade." This sort of reciprocity is of the kind which a tailor establishes with his customers when, in order to induce them to pay promptly, he knocks off "5 per cent. for cash," having previously added it to the price. Instead of Canning's miserable threat of a 20 per cent. retaliation we vociferate to the nations of the world:

"In matters of commerce our fairness is such
That whatever we give we take back just as much.
Twenty per cent., twenty per cent.—
We'll clap on and take off just twenty per cent."

A paper on "Maeterlinck and Music," by Ernest Newman, makes an attempt to trace a connection between Wagnerian music and the Maeterlinckian philosophy of the drama. We doubt if it would convince either Maeterlinck or Wagner; the parallel is curious in some respects, but, for us, over-deep. Prof. Henry A. Beers discusses "Literature and the Civil War" at some length.

—The leading article in *Scribner's* is on "American Portraiture of Children," by Harrison S. Morris. The illustrations are reproduced from paintings by John S. Sargent, Cecilia Beaux, and several other artists. The text is not technical, but what artists call "literary." Mr. Morris permits himself to say that Sargent "enjoys the biologic practice of revealing the secrets of life with a brush," but this may perhaps be excused as being semi-scientific; biology is a good shelter for almost any sort of practice. "A Forgotten Pilgrimage," by Ernest C. Peixotto (with the author's striking drawings), gives a pleasant account of the little-known valley of Rocamadour, with its ancient shrine of St. Amadour in the southwest of France. Thomas Nelson Page's "Old Virginia Sunday" is readable and agreeable, though we should say that he rather strained his parallel between Sunday in Virginia and the Puritan first day of the week. No doubt the church in Massachusetts and the church in Virginia were both established by law; but they were essentially opposed churches. The feeling about religion in the two communities was wholly different. One of Mr. Page's anecdotes illustrates this. When the question of disestablishment came up after the Revolution, an old Virginian in cocked hat and ruffles was approached, and asked how he would vote. He said he would vote for the bill, as, in his opinion, every man should have the right to go to heaven by his own read, but he was very sure that every gentleman would always take the Episcopalian road. The feeling that the Church represented a creed and form of worship peculiarly adapted to gentlemen came directly from England to Virginia, and would never have done for a Puritan commonwealth at all. Of course religious observance was insisted on in Virginia to a degree not dreamed of now. But so it was everywhere. Mr. Page's article is interesting as recalling the fact that disestablishment in Virginia was followed by purification and reform. Bishop Meade "preached a stern gospel and lived it." The old infidel, Thomas Jefferson, as his enemies called him, had done a good stroke for religion in taking away state support.

—In *Harper's*, under the title of "A Woman in the Paris Revolution of 1830," are given some letters written by Mrs. Rives, wife of Mr. William Cabell Rives, then Minister to France. They are illustrated with portraits and prints, one or two of considerable interest. The writer of the letters was twenty-six years of age when her husband was appointed Minister by Jackson, and her account of what she saw of the convulsion that upset the old régime for the second time is worth reading. In July, 1830, a visit was paid by Mr. and Mrs. Rives to La Grange to see "our venerable friend Lafayette," and while there, they got tidings of the Revolution. When the new Government was installed, they were invited to attend the Chamber of Deputies; but there was still a good deal of disorder. Washington Irving, one of their party, appears to have been "smuggled in as an attaché," and admission was finally gained rather by Mr. Rives's readiness in accounting for the absence of a tricolor ribbon than by his representative character. "You are quite fine with your *habit brodé*," a citizen observes; "but where is the tricolor?" "C'est dans mon cœur," declares the diplomat, with his hand on his heart. "Bravo!" cries the patriotic citizen, and immediately the crowd parts to the right and left. The Powers were not represented on this occasion, their representatives prudently staying away. The persons who attracted most attention were Talleyrand and Lafayette. "Seated just opposite to each other, they presented as remarkable a contrast in their appearance as in their lives, and the open, honest countenance of the one, snugly invested in a full auburn wig, and the careworn, sharp features of the other, rendered paler by the silvery white of his hair, blanched by the snows of eighty winters, were universally observed." The new King, a young English officer whispers to Mrs. Rives, had better throw both these two into the Seine, for one "has sworn fidelity to eight different governments, and the other is a revolution in himself." Some "New Letters of R. L. Stevenson" are given, together with an introductory "Note and Comment" by Horace Townsend. They are full of amusing and often wise Stevensoniana. We hear a great deal of rubbish talked about him by his feebler admirers, but almost everything he wrote had an original touch in it. Of his own photographs he says: "The truth is, I have no appearance; a certain air of disreputability is the one constant character that my face presents. The rest changes, like water, but still I am lean and still disreputable."

—The *Century* for December contains an article on "Christmas in France," by Th. Bentzon, with pictures by Maurice Boutet de Monvel. In it is an account of what remains, or recently remained, in the south of France of the Mystery that used to be part of the Christmas midnight mass. Some of this is said to date from the twelfth century. The last act dates from the sixteenth, and "used to be played under the pulpit, near the baptismal fonts." These represent the palace of Herod, the king being seated on a raised throne, between his two ministers, while three lawyers are grouped about a table covered with books. Suddenly the Star of Bethlehem glides on a string across the scene overhead. A knocking is heard on the church door, and the personages here called the Magi enter in full Oriental costume, and make known their errand to Herod. The lawyers are consulted, and finally Herod sends off the Magi to Bethlehem. They walk toward the sanctuary, where the shepherdesses are awaiting them, and the mass is now concluded, the communion being administered to all present, including the actors. At the last an angel appears to warn the Magi that they must not visit Herod again, and while the star reappears as a guide, the wicked King rises noisily, and gives orders for the slaughter of the innocents. The French Christmas, properly speaking, is still primarily a religious festival. In a secular way the *jour de l'an* "means to us what Christmas does in northern countries." On the other hand, Paris is nothing if not cosmopolitan, and the shrine of Santa Claus has been set up and Christmas trees and mistletoe acclimated. James Grant Wilson contributes the first of two papers on "Thackeray in the United States." This instalment contains some memorabilia of interest and a few characteristic illustrations. John A. Kasson's "Impressions of President McKinley," with special reference to his opinions on "reciprocity," and an "old acquaintance's" account of "The Personality of President Roosevelt," are accompanied by full-page portraits. Neither paper is critical in tone, and neither of them adds much to our knowledge of Mr. Roosevelt or his predecessor. Mr. Kasson's statement, however, of what Mr. McKinley said to him about Porto Rico is worth quoting. When he declared it to be our "plain duty" to give free trade to Porto Rico, Mr. Kasson was one of those who regretted that he was at the same time quite ready to compromise the matter; and expressed his regret. But Mr. McKinley turned his eyes upon his critic "with a serious expression," and said: "I could not allow the Republican party in the House to be defeated by the votes of the Democratic minority." On this, says Mr. Kasson, "My eyes were opened." Strange that this simple test, capable of application to any moral question as it arises, should not have occurred to Mr. Kasson himself.

—Mr. Charles Francis Adams's paper on which a correspondent commented in our last issue, was read before the American Antiquarian Society on October 30. It is characterized by this writer's usual force of presentation and suggestiveness, and, as is well known from the approval bestowed upon it by the London press, it is an attempt at applied history. As issued in pamphlet form by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., it bears the title: '1865-1900. The Confederacy and the Transvaal; A People's Obligation to Robert E. Lee'; but the subtitle seems less to indicate Mr. Adams's purpose than the main title. He virtually says to the Boers: "Your vain bushwhacking is unchristian, and ought to be stopped." And this is the only point of his parallel. We think he overlooks here the complete homogeneousness of the Boer population—all middle-class, no slaveholding aristocracy, no "poor whites"; the cause, national integrity, as against the perpetuation of slavery; the normal loose, guerrilla military organization of the Boers, as against the strict discipline which alone kept the Confederate armies together to the bitter end. Indeed, Henry A. Wise, whom Mr. Adams cites freely through his son's recollections, assured

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Lee on the eve of surrender that personal loyalty to *him* was the sole remaining bond. It was Wise, too, who argued vehemently against further resistance, and prepared Lee to withstand his chief of artillery Gen. Alexander's arguments in favor of dispersion for a forlorn-hope guerrilla campaign. Wise knew and said the game was up; and this meant not only that defeat impended over Lee's and Johnston's armies, but that there were no reserves of men or treasure or ammunition such as the Boers have commanded—that there was no adjoining country of sympathizers of the same race and aspirations to supply the sinews of irregular warfare. Lee knew this quite as well as Wise, and he had the deciding vote. Honor to both; but is the lesson to the Boers so clear, especially in the face of the prolongation of hostilities in South Africa, with no prospect of termination?

—'Two Treaties of Paris and the Supreme Court,' by Sidney Webster (Harper & Bros.), is a review by a well-known and competent hand of the insular cases. It should be compared with Mr. Littlefield's recent article in the *Harvard Law Review* on the same subject. Mr. Webster does not make a set argument, but discusses the question of colonies in the light of the history of the country and its former dealings with acquired territory, bringing out the inconsistencies of the recently delivered opinions with one another and with any conceivably systematic theory of our national development. What, he says, has the Supreme Court adjudged in the insular cases? It is this: "After Porto Rico was conquered and before it was acquired by cession, the military executive power could levy on them any duties it deemed proper; after the acquisition and before the enactment of the Foraker law, the levy of duties at New York under the Dingley law on merchandise from Porto Rico, and the levy by military officers in Porto Rico on merchandise arriving there from the United States, were illegal; under the Foraker law, the duties laid on merchandise from Porto Rico to New York were lawfully levied at that port, and yet, under the Foraker law, commerce between Porto Rico and New York was and is coastwise." The alarming fact is, however, not so much that the court's reasoning is illusory and its decisions contrary to precedent, as that the upshot of these judgments is to invest Congress with plenary powers, to create colonies and a colonial system at pleasure. The judgments amount to a sort of abdication by a majority of the Supreme Court, leaving Congress warranted in inferring that whatever it may choose to do in the colonies will find five judges to sustain it, provided the decision is necessary to what the party in power maintains as our colonial system. The insular cases thus establish through the highest tribunal a new charter of despotism.

—A public library of Chinese books in Shanghai, founded by a Chinese, is one of the latest and most significant indications of the progress which Western ideas and institutions are making in China. But not satisfied with this, Mr. Loo has also promised to give $3,000 to build translation offices for the Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge in that city. The guiding principle of this society has always been that ignorance is the chief obstacle to the spread of Christianity in China, and, accordingly, under its auspices, the history, science, social and political, as well as religious, life of the West have been made accessible to the educated Chinese through translations from the best Western authors and through popular treatises specially written in Chinese. For one of these latter on political economy, entitled 'Simple Truths,' there is now a great demand, and another on international law is asked for, while Seeley's 'Expansion of England' is being translated. A noteworthy testimony to the present need of such a society is the written request of Yuan Shih-Kai, the successor of Li Hung Chang, and probably the coming man, to its secretary for a list of the best books in Chinese on modern learning. "He explained that he did not intend to promote any of his 500 expectant Mandarins until they had passed an examination in Western science and learning." Still more striking evidence of this hunger for knowledge was shown at a recent examination in Hunan, for many years the most bitterly anti-foreign of the provinces. Practically all of the three to four thousand candidates came to an American missionary to get information on all kinds of subjects, buying his whole stock of educational literature. In recognition, possibly, of the aid given, the Viceroy of the province has contributed $2,000 to the funds of the Society. Still another instance of this interest in modern educational methods is the gift of three Chinese of $20,000 to build a high school for Chinese boys in Shanghai.

RECENT POETRY.

The subjects of Mr. William Archer's 'Poets of the Younger Generation' (Lane) are almost all English, including only a few Canadians like Carman, Roberts, and Scott, and a few Americans—apparently hit upon rather at random—Miss Alice Brown, Madison Cawein, Richard Hovey, George Santayana, and John B. Tabb. The book is unreasonably large and profuse in quotations. Its style may be called Australian—that is, easy, diffuse, gushing, and with a great preponderance of the first person singular; the words "I" and "my" occurring, for instance, in such a passage as this (p. 3): "The one merit I claim for my criticism is sincerity. The things I praise are the things I genuinely and spontaneously enjoy; and I could not if I would simulate such enjoyment." This egotism must not, however, be attributed to pure conceit, but represents a very common point of view; and when we consider how tiresome critics usually become by following out an established system, it is a pleasant variety to turn to one who frankly makes his judgments a matter of pure whim. Something of the same quality was visible in a somewhat similar book, reviewed by us some years since, on 'Younger American Poets,' the work of another Australian, Mr. Douglas Sladen. Some peculiar interest is given to Mr. Archer's criticisms by the fact that he has hitherto been especially known as a critic of the drama; and one notices throughout this book that it is the dramatic, not the lyric, side which most interests him. The charming lyric qualities of Mr. Yeats, for instance, he does not always recognize, though he gives him some good counsel when he closes by saying: "It appears from the notes to 'The Wind in the Reeds,' rather than from the poems themselves, that Mr. Yeats is becoming more and more addicted to a petrified, fossilized symbolism, a system of hieroglyphs which may have had some inherent significance for their inventors, but which have now become matters of research, of speculation, of convention" (p. 556). This is true and excellent; and very good also is this, in respect to our countryman, Father Tabb: "Mr. Tabb is, I understand, a priest of the Roman Catholic Church. Though there is nothing cloistral in his spirit, which has a wide enough outlook on nature and man, yet the patient minuteness of his workmanship is not without a monkish quality. But it is the gem-engraver rather than the illuminator that Mr. Tabb recalls" (p. 428).

The book is unquestionably by far the best work of its kind, thus far, and helps to console the American reader for his disappointment in the second series of the 'Golden Treasury,' which should have done similar work. It is certain that Mr. Archer, within the limit of his gifts, is altogether candid and honest, and cannot make even the accustomed English hit at Americans without a touch of courtesy, as when he says: "It may be a cis-Atlantic illusion, but I think that American poets are more apt than English poets of the same standing to use words without strict inquiry into their meaning" (p. 215). Mr. Archer does not apparently realize that he is here using a very strong expression—"more apt"!

On revisiting city friends after their autumnal return from the country, one notices in their houses a faint aroma, probably attributable to fly powder—an atmosphere scented with association of darkened windows and silent summer days. Something of the same close odor prevails throughout all books of English University poetry, and has done so ever since the days of Praed. He alone made it really attractive. The others have simply the atmosphere of restriction and limitation, and the books are full of microscopic but familiar jokes. The fame of Calverley himself, chief of the class, rests on no wider basis ('The Complete Works of C. S. Calverley,' London: Bell; New York: Macmillan). He is praised as if he were Milton, but, after all, he was only a good translator of Horace and Theocritus into English, and of Marlowe and Tennyson into Latin. Much of his jocose poetry is already hard reading. His career at Oxford "was distinguished by a series of *tours de force*, intellectual and physical, sufficient to have furnished forth a dozen ordinary reputations" (p. 19); but perhaps his most long-lived poem will be one somewhat pathetically entitled "Changed" (p. 69):

I know not why my soul is rack'd:
  Why I ne'er smile as was my wont:
I only know that, as a fact,
  I don't.
I used to roam o'er glen and glade
  Buoyant and blithe as other folk:
And not unfrequently I made
  A joke.

. . . . . .

I cannot sing the old songs now!
  It is not that I deem them low;
'Tis that I can't remember how
  They go.
I could not range the hills till high
  Above me stood the summer moon;
And as to dancing, I could fly
  As soon.

The sports, to which with boyish glee
  I sprang erewhile, attract no more;

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Although I am but sixty-three
Or four.
Nay, worse than that, I've seem'd of late
To shrink from happy boyhood—boys
Have grown so noisy, and I hate
A noise.

They fright me, when the beech is green,
By swarming up its stem for eggs:
They drive their horrid hoops between
My legs:
It's idle to repine, I know;
I'll tell you what I'll do instead:
I'll drink my arrowroot, and go
To bed.

Again, in Owen Seaman's 'Horace at Cambridge' (Lane), we cannot find a stanza which should have a moment's interest for any but fellow-graduates of that great university. We can dimly recall some excellent parodies by Mr. Seaman in earlier publications, but here all is sheer intra-mural pleasantry, hardly offering temptation for the passer-by to look over the wall. 'The Book of the Horace Club, 1898-1901' (Oxford: Blackwell), is the work of Mr. Seaman's mates—for he is an honorary member—and, being contributed by a dozen different authors from as many different colleges, it should have greater variety. Perhaps the best work in it is to be found in this crisp and vigorous squib, bearing the initials of J. Williams, D.C.L., of Lincoln College (p. 66). It is styled "a tragedy in five acts":

A "CRUSHING" EXPOSURE.

I.

'Twas in Throgmorton Street we met,
We were two fools and one promoter,
And Jones and I shall ne'er forget
Floater.

II.

Yes, Floater was his name; he penned
A very readable prospectus,
But that was just what in the end
Wrecked us.

III.

The public bit and read about
The chances of a record crushing,
And things that Floater wrote without
Blushing.

IV.

The shares rose fast, and there was fun
For us and Floater for a fortnight,
Until they fell a point in one
Short night.

V.

Then Floater sought to save his skin
By imitating Jones's pen-mark,
And Floater last was heard of in
Denmark.

Fresher than either of these, perhaps, because more recent, is 'Anni Fugaces; A Book of Verse with Cambridge Interludes' (Lane), by R. C. Lehmann, who is really amusing and also essentially modern in his congratulations to the Master of Trinity. It appears that Dr. Butler, the Master, was senior classic in 1855, and that Mrs. Butler, then Miss Agneta Ramsay, was senior classic in 1887; and the birth of a son to so eminently scholastic a pair gave fit opportunity to every Cambridge man; and we subjoin a fragment from this truly memorial poem (p. 95)—a congratulatory ode on the birth of his son:

TO THE MASTER OF TRINITY.

And the son! with two such parents this small
member of our college
Must be, unlike the ruck of us, a paragon of
knowledge;
Armed cap-à-pie with wisdom like the goddess in
the stories;
A human sort of letters which we term *humaniores*;
A kind of tiny scholiast who'll startle his relations
With his luminous suggestions and his subtle
emendations;
A lexicon in arms, with all the syntax grafted in
on him;
A Gradus ad Parnassum, full of epithet and
synonym;
A Corpus Poetarum, such as classics love to edit,
he
Will furnish, let me hope, a bright example of
heredity.
Though no doubt he'll be a stoic or a modern
Pocahontas
(This allusion is τι βάρβαρον) when cutting his
δδόντας;
Yet *if* he when his teething time approaches should
to cry elect,
He will cry, I am persuaded, in the purest Attic
dialect.

The nearest that America just now gives us in the way of university poems is the volume by Mr. Santayana entitled 'The Hermit of Carmel, and Other Poems' (Scribner). In the latter part of the book are "Convivial and Occasional Verses," such as "Six Wise Fools," "College Drinking Song," "Young Sammy's First Wild Oats," and other verses supposed to be convivial, but certainly not producing any such effect when read by the general reader. Even serious verse has never seemed to us Mr. Santayana's strong point, nor does this volume vary the impression.

The doubt still open whether Mr. Edwin Markham is a poet or only a man of poetic mind is not wholly solved by 'Lincoln, and Other Poems' (McClure). There still remains a little sense of imitation or even of echo, and the reader is disappointed. These little verses give a glimpse of a lighter touch than usual (p. 54):

LOVE'S TO-MORROW
(For Florence Sharon.)

Ease of heart or ache of heart,
Tell me, Love, the thing to be;
Flower of dream or dust of dream,
You can choose the one for me.
Fire or ash of fire, who knows?
Both are folded in the flame.
Life all grey and life all rose
Are hidden in your name.

And the poem on Lincoln closes with vigor, thus (p. 2):

"So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the step of Earthquake shook the
house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in Whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."

'At the Sign of the Ginger Jar: Some Verses Gay and Gray,' by Ray Clarke Rose (Chicago: McClurg), contains the poet's confession:

"I beat the cymbals, that is all,"

Here is a sample of its gayety (p. 63):

SOUR GRAPES.

I never cared the least for Lou,
Of course; and yet I listened to
Her girlish chatter
With pleasure that suggested quite
A charming quest for one who might
Take up the matter.

I will admit I saw the child
And kissed her hand—whereat she smiled—
Well, almost daily;
But Lou was passing sweet and young,
And then, you know, she laughed and sung,
Ah me! so gayly!

I kissed her hand, and more, perhaps;
But just to pique the younger chaps
Who were so plenty.
Well—I am one-and-forty now,
While Lou—dear me, I must allow
She's won, and twenty!

That gawky son of Banker Rich
Has gained the dimpled prize for which
The town was sighing.
And I—I have the cards she sent.
A woman's modes of punishment
Are very trying.

When we reach the Pacific Coast we have more of positive passion, and also more of the Celtic ideal which becomes those nearer to the seashore. Mr. Gelett Burgess, in his 'A Gage of Youth; Lyrics from The Lark, and Other Poems' (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.), makes his burden in the "Chant-Royal of California" run in this wise (p. 20):

"This vintage shall the Old World's youth renew,"

but his most delicately finished poem reverts, after all, to a distant scene (p. 12):

EPITHALAMIUM: IN A SURREY GARDEN.

The day still dozes on, and in the shade
The bushes nod in silence, half asleep.
Across the lawn the housewife shadows creep,
Till now, at last, the evening bed is made.
The sunflower droops, the yellow daisies fade.
The winds, with gentle harpings low and deep,
The quivering branches of the plane trees sweep;
The birds, besought to silence, have obeyed.
Now looks the Moon across the dotted sky
To find this quiet Garden, dark and fair,
Lying, a bridal maiden, in the night;
The bright-faced lover sees her from on high,
And down he drops a silvery ladder there,
Descends, and fills her waiting heart with light!

Mr. Louis Alexander Robertson prints 'The Dead Calypso, and Other Verses' (San Francisco: Robertson). His poem "Jubilate Deo" indicates an Englishman writing in America, and sounds rather sadly now, having been written during the Queen's Jubilee of four years ago, and being now read when England is under a cloud. The title-poem strikes us as florid rather than vigorous, but suggests the possibility that the author's next volume may be better than his first.

Passing from San Francisco to Louisville, we find in 'Sonnets and Lyrics,' by R. E. Lee Gibson (Louisville: Morton), as in Mr. Cawein—though in a less degree—that florid quality which is so apt to mark the versification of the Southern muse. Addressing his friend, he writes (p. 83):

"Oft have I wondered from what source unknown
You gleaned the inklings of your 'Gloramone';
In what far region, pure and undefiled,
'Lyanna' first upon your vision smiled;
And where 'Noera,' with her 'laughing, clear,
Loved voice of old,' delighted first your ear."

But we can assure Mr. Gibson that these proceeded from the same source with such verse as his own (p. 50):

"The ominous croak of the raven
Resounds, and the screech of the owl;
The ghost of a monk, gaunt and shaven,
With visage concealed by a cowl,
Floats shudderingly by, like a craven,
Up-borne on the loitering gale;
And beyond, from their niches in heaven,
The stars, thro' his body, burn pale."

Yet these lines can scarcely be said to delight the ear.

Dr. Richard Garnett, in 'The Queen, and Other Poems' (Lane), handles more skilfully the changed condition of things in his leading poem, but carries the stain of the time into his vehement sonnet on "President Kruger." We turn with more satisfaction to a gentler strain (viii.):

TO AMERICA.
(After reading some ungenerous criticisms.)

What though thy Muse the singer's art essay
With lip now over-loud, now over-low?
'Tis but the augury that makes her so
Of the high things she hath in charge to say.
How shall the giantess of gold and clay,
Girt with two oceans, crowned with Arctic snow,
Sandalled with shining seas of Mexico,
Be pared to trim proportion in a day?
Thou art too great! Thy million-billowed surge
Of life bewilders speech, as shoreless sea
Confounds the raging eye from verge to verge
With mazy strife or smooth immensity.
Not soon or easily shall thence emerge
A Homer or a Shakespeare worthy thee.

There is an increasing tendency, which must be regretted, to the production of large volumes consisting wholly or almost wholly of sonnets—a mistake such as no one short of Shakspere or Petrarch should commit. Mrs. Mary M. Adams, for instance, gives us more than a hundred of these productions in 'Sonnets and Songs' (Putnam). Inasmuch as nothing is easier than to write a tame sonnet, and nothing harder than to write a good one, this experiment seems quite unwise; and it will be noticed that maturer poets such as Lowell do not, after early youth, lump their sonnets together, but distribute them guardedly among other

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forms of verse. Even so rich a mind as that of Bishop Spalding of Peoria, by bringing together some two hundred sonnets and entitling them 'God and the Soul; A Poem' (The Grafton Press), makes a strain upon the ear and the nerves that defeats its own object. So fine a sonnet as this, for instance, should not be lost to sight among so many others (p. 214):

AS IN A DREAM.

Through solemn woods in silence deep all day
On wild Sierra's topmost ridge, I held
My course. No voice disturbed, no sound dispelled
The awful stillness which around me lay;

And mingled light and shade made all my way
Seem haunted by such spirits as of old
With Nature 'midst her lonely forests dwelled,
To watch Great Pan and dryads at their play:

Then suddenly the mount was cleft in twain,
And far beneath, four thousand feet, the gleam
Of winding wave made glad the smiling plain,
While from a hundred heights the dazzling stream
Of many torrents shot the silvery rain,
And I, entranced, stood lost as in a dream.

Two volumes of negro lyrics, both admirably illustrated, have appeared almost simultaneously, the one being 'Plantation Songs for My Lady's Banjo,' by Eli Shepperd, with pictures from life by J. W. Otts (Russell), and the other, 'Candle-Lightin' Time,' by Paul Laurence Dunbar, illustrated with photographs by the Hampton Institute Camera Club (Dodd, Mead & Co.). The latter is on the whole the best, seeming much nearer to the class it represents, although both have excellent illustrations, and both give an encouraging glimpse of the development of a race, thus faithfully studied on its picturesque and even poetic side.

The loss sustained by literature in the early death of Philip Henry Savage comes over the reader afresh upon examining his 'Poems' (Small, Maynard & Co.). Two qualities impress one in these verses—their wonderful nearness to nature and to New England nature, and the quality described by his biographer, Mr. Mason, as "his stern and yet pagan personal ideal" (p. xv.). All the flavor of Thoreau and the old Transcendentalism survives in these two verses (p. 92):

"Believe in me!" Lord, who art thou
That bidd'st me to believe in thee?
I have my life to live, and now
Thy yoke would but a burden be;
I would be free.

"Come, follow me!" Nay, Lord, my way
Is wide of thine along the sea;
Among the hills I love to stray,
Nor walks there any one with me;
Why I with thee?

Yet here we find the limitations of paganism recognized (p. 19):

"'Something in the sense of morning
Lifts the heart up to the sun.'
In our youth we may be pagan,
God is many, and the One
Great Supreme will wait till evening
When our little day is done:
Something in the sense of morning
Lifts the heart up to the sun!"

Miss Martha Gilbert Dickinson, in her 'The Cathedral, and Other Poems' (Scribner), has still the disadvantage of being constantly expected to resemble her gifted aunt, although both her themes and her treatment may be different. The younger poet has more of color in her lines than the elder, as in the following (p. 135):

DEVONSHIRE POPPIES.

Here, one peers lonely through a gate—
Pink-coated huntsman, pack astray;
There, turbaned courtiers of state
Are blurred in carnival array.
As scarlet acrobats they run
To vault the hedgerow's mystery,
Leaping fantastic in the sun,
A blaze of Nature's jugglery.
Like Highland troopers others pass,
With kilt of flame and tunic green—
Their bonnets blowing in the grass,
Their piper's skirl a lark unseen.
Will-o'-the-wisp of Summer noons,
They flit 'mid haymakers at rest,
And up the path of harvest moons
Are lost o'er sunset's gleaming crest.

But Emily Dickinson herself might have written the following (p. 109):

WHAT THE GULL HEARD.

(The First Boat.)

Oh to be out on the open sea!
Bride of the waves and veiled in their foam!
Rotted the beam and the sail will be—
Anchoring here at home.

(The Second Boat.)

Oh to be over the harbor bar!
Safe from the perils that crash and yawn;
Tattered in shroud and mangled in spar—
I shall go down ere dawn!

Sir Edwin Arnold's new poem, 'The Voyage of Ithobal' (Dillingham), adds nothing to his fame, we fear. It is hard and dreary reading, and the illustrations, by Arthur Lumley, are florid and grotesque. It is "dedicated to his friend, Major James B. Pond, by the attached and grateful author." It is something to make sure of at least one sympathetic critic.

'Deirdre Wed, and Other Poems,' by Herbert Trench (Lane), is also a failure as an attempt to prolong interest in the somewhat hackneyed story of Deirdre. But that and all Celtic legends become immortal through the magic hands of Fiona MacLeod, who is as much the queen of the Gaelic branch of the legend as is Mr. Yeats the king of the Erse. If poetry is a vision of the imagination, this little volume of a hundred pages, entitled 'From the Hills of Dream' (Portland: Mosher), is worth all the others which we have been describing; and how easy it must be to write dreamy verse if one's cradle has been rocked by such a wondrous lullaby as this (p. 62):

INVOCATION OF PEACE.

(After the Gaelic.)

Deep peace I breathe into you,
O weariness, here;
O ache, here!
Deep peace, a soft white dove to you;
Deep peace, a quiet rain to you;
Deep peace, an ebbing wave to you!
Deep peace, red wind of the east from you;
Deep peace, gray wind of the west to you;
Deep peace, dark wind of the north from you;
Deep peace, blue wind of the south to you!
Deep peace, pure red of the flame to you;
Deep peace, pure white of the moon to you;
Deep peace, pure green of the grass to you;
Deep peace, pure brown of the earth to you;
Deep peace, pure gray of the dew to you,
Deep peace, pure blue of the sky to you,
Deep peace of the running wave to you
Deep peace of the flowing air to you,
Deep peace of the quiet earth to you,
Deep peace of the sleeping stones to you!
Deep peace of the Yellow Shepherd to you,
Deep peace of the Wandering Shepherdess to you,
Deep peace of the Flock of Stars to you,
Deep peace from the Son of Peace to you,
Deep peace from the heart of Mary to you,
From Bridget of the Mantle
Deep peace, deep peace!
And with the kindness, too, of the Haughty Father,
Peace!
In the name of the Three who are One,
And by the will of the King of the Elements,
Peace! Peace!

RECENT LAW BOOKS.

'International Law,' by George Grafton Wilson and George Fox Tucker (Silver, Burdett & Co.), is the title of a hand-book of 328 pages on that subject. Appendices give the United States Instructions for Armies in the Field, the Declaration of Paris, the Geneva Convention, etc. The manual seems hardly intended as more than an introduction, but the authors have bestowed a good deal of attention on the details of Diplomacy, a subject the elements of which are too much taken for granted by most writers; and in one of the appendices the actual history of a case in a prize court is set down in full—an excellent innovation. The treatment of the substantive principles of International Law seems to us rather superficial. The three rules of the Geneva arbitration and the *Trent* case are slurred over, although two pages are given to the formal parts of the Treaty of Washington—certainly a matter of less importance. The statement that the Bering Sea arbitration decided that "fishing in the open sea is free to all," seems contradicted by the statement that the court also decided that the destruction of seals in the open sea was "contrary to the laws of nature" (pp. 116, 117). A slip has evidently been made here. In the same way the sense of the note on page 307 is destroyed by the word "belligerent" being used where "neutral" is intended. "Contraband" is always a difficult subject, and our authors frankly find it and leave it so.

Two additions to the voluminous "Hornbook Series" (St. Paul: West Publishing Co.) are a 'Handbook of Equity Jurisprudence,' by James W. Eaton, and a 'Handbook of Admiralty Law,' by Robert M. Hughes. The first contains some six thousand cases. Owing to the death of the author, the preface is furnished by the publishers, who say that in the preparation of the work free use of the material used in 'Fetter on Equity' was authorized by the owners of the copyright, but that, "in the main," the work is derived "from the decisions." Mr. Hughes says of his work that it is "intended to be elementary" and arranged for convenience in teaching.

A new and revised edition of Hugo Hirsch's 'Tabulated Digest of the Divorce Laws of the United States' is published by the Funk & Wagnalls Co. The author gives in this publication a chart of the law of divorce in a single folding page. At the top appears the list of the States and Territories; at the sides are the causes for divorce. At the foot of the sheet is the practice in every jurisdiction. For ordinary purposes of reference it is both concise and ingeniously convenient.

Joseph A. Arnold's 'Guide for Business Corporations in the State of New York' (Baker, Voorhis & Co.) contains the Business Corporations Law of this State, as amended to date, with notes and forms. The amendments of 1901 have made alterations in this law "which greatly increase and amplify the rights and powers of business corporations, and materially lessen the liabilities formerly imposed upon directors and stockholders." The organization tax has been reduced (in the case of domestic companies), the duty of filing annual reports has been transferred from the directors to certain stockholders, and no default occurs until ten days after a written demand. Money may be borrowed irrespective of the amount of capitalization, directors need not be stockholders, only one director must be a resident of New York. These changes, the author thinks, have made New York most "desirable and economical" as a home for corporations. The volume is a compact and useful handbook.

An annotated edition of the General Ordinances of the City of New York under the new charter has been made by George Whitfield Brown, jr., of the New York bar (The Banks Law Publishing Co.). The work was much needed, no general code of the various local municipal ordinances affecting the community now known as New York

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having ever been compiled, though the amended charter of 1901 makes provision for it. Mr. Brown found many ordinances out of print and "many records missing." The present chaotic condition of things is a disgrace to the city, and should be remedied as soon as possible. Municipal ordinances affect the daily life of every inhabitant of a city, and the indifference to their enforcement in New York, still more the general ignorance of what they are, is a queer feature of our situation. There is, for instance (sec. 667), the prohibition of hand-organ playing after seven P. M., and the provision that there shall be no hand-organ playing at all within 250 feet of the house of any one who objects. We doubt whether the average citizen has any idea that these ordinances exist. It is not from lack of ordinances that we suffer; and the reformed Board of Aldermen can do no better work than bring a knowledge of their real nature and scope home to every denizen of the city.

Life on the Stage: My Personal Experiences and Recollections. By Clara Morris. McClure, Phillips & Co. 1901.

Miss Clara Morris's volume is not only one of the best stage books that have been published in a good many years, but a most illuminative bit of autobiography. It is written with the rarest frankness, and is, perhaps, even more interesting as a revelation of the woman herself than it is as a record of the making of a great actress, as she undoubtedly was in her own line, and of the trials and obstacles which bar the road to substantial and permanent theatrical success. For all beginners it is full of warning, instruction, and encouragement. It shows the prizes within the reach of ability, backed by courage, perseverance, and favoring fortune, but it is no less explicit about the drudgery, the humiliation, and the futility which are the lot of the vast majority of incompetents, while it remorselessly lays bare in all their ugliness the petty intrigues, vanities, jealousies, and animosities which distract the little world behind the scenes. The book, considering the calling of the author, is surprisingly free from mere padding, being confined almost entirely to personal experiences, and reveals decided literary ability, although the style is marred by colloquialisms and a too frequent indulgence in florid oratory and irrelevant pious ejaculations.

Miss Morris, who, many persons will be surprised to hear, was born in Canada, was reared in the hard school of adversity, and in her youth shared with a devoted mother the pinch of bitter poverty. She had none of the joys of childhood, except during two years spent on a farm in Illinois, but early learned the virtues of patience, endurance, and observation. Of regular education she had little. For a brief period she attended a public school, but, practically, she seems to have been self-taught, having a passion for reading of every description. It was by chance that she went upon the stage, when only thirteen years old, being engaged "for the ballet" by the well-known manager John Ellsler, who was then the director of a theatre in Cleveland. This was the beginning of a long period of thankless but formative labor. Her duty was to march, to dance, to act as fairy, or messenger, or any other supernumerary personage; and her remuneration was three dollars a week. Thus she started at the very bottom of the ladder, and for a long time she made no apparent progress, although really she was getting the benefit of priceless object-lessons from the eminent actors whom she, in her unconspicuous way, supported. From the first she was a shrewd and keen observer, and her narrative is full of pregnant comment. For instance, speaking of the actors of 1865, she says:

"I can't help noticing the difference between their attitude of mind toward their profession and that of the actor of to-day. Salaries were much smaller then, work was harder, but life was simpler. The actor had no social standing; he was no longer looked down upon, but he was an unknown quantity; he was, in short, an actor pure and simple. He had enthusiasm for his profession—he lived to act, not merely [*sic*] living by acting. But above all and beyond all else, the men and women respected their chosen profession. Their constant association of mind with Shakspere seemed to have given them a certain dignity of bearing as well as of speech. To-day . . . they are clubmen. . . . They draw large salaries, and too frequently they have to act in long-running plays, that are made up of smartish wit and cheapest cynicism—mere froth and frivolity; while the effective smashing of the Seventh Commandment has been for so long a time the principal motif of both drama and farce, that one cannot wonder much at the general tone of flippancy prevailing among the theatrical people of to-day."

In this passage she goes to the very root of the evils which have brought the stage to its present desperate condition.

The book is well seasoned with tales of stage mishaps, blunders, personal idiosyncrasies, etc., most of which are fresh and humorously told, and with anecdotes of eminent actors of the past, with interesting bits of contemporaneous opinion. Miss Morris was greatly impressed by the beauty and genius of the unhappy John Wilkes Booth, and tells a pretty story of his treatment of a little street urchin whom he had accidentally upset, as an instance of his natural courtesy and tender-heartedness. According to her, his theatrical associates were almost unanimous in regarding him as an actor of greater natural gifts than his famous brother Edwin; and she gives an impressive account of the incredulous horror and amazement with which his intimates heard of his awful crime. For the luckless Lucille Western, too, she claims the meed of true greatness, in spite of the somewhat rank luxuriance of her emotion, remarking acutely that there is "a certain tang of wildness in all things natural." Of the late Charles W. Couldock—a sound actor, who achieved distinction in spite of great physical disabilities—she gives a vivid but rather malicious picture, scarcely in accordance with the canons of good taste. The graceful tribute in the closing paragraph does not conceal or make amends for the bitterness of it. But Miss Morris was sensitive to slights, and there is nothing more characteristically feminine in her book than her payment of old scores with sharp thrusts, delivered under the cloak of compliment. Her chapter on Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean is capital reading. She makes much fun, most of it legitimate enough, of the vanities and eccentricities of that amiable old couple, but does ample justice to their excellence in "Henry VIII." and some other plays, and gives an interesting and not generally known story of the adventure undertaken by Mrs. Kean in Rome to procure an exact facsimile of a Cardinal's robe for her husband's *Wolsey*.

Coming to more recent days, when Miss Morris was still in obscurity but rising slowly to the light, she speaks warmly of the fine ability, the indomitable ambition and energy, and sterling character of Lawrence Barrett, and his long-suffering affection for his wayward brother, Joe Barrett; adding a curious personal experience of her own in connection with the death of the latter—nervous, telepathic, coincidental, or imaginary—which will be noted by spiritualists. By this time she had advanced, through much tribulation, faced with cheerful courage, to the position of leading lady, and had signed the engagement with Augustin Daly which opened the doors to fame and fortune. Of her successive triumphs from the days of *Anne Sylvester* onward, which placed her at the head of the emotional actresses of her day, it is not possible or necessary to speak now; but her own minute and sometimes over-rapturous and rhetorical description of them is interesting and instructive as a record of untiring industry and laborious preparation for the intended theatrical effect. She proves once more how integral a part of genius is the capacity for taking pains. One statement that she makes is utterly subversive of the popular belief that she was able to command a free flow of tears at will. She declares that she could only produce these eloquent signs of affliction by conjuring up the memory of some harrowing incident entirely unconnected with the part she was playing, and that there were times when the spell would not work. This, of course, is directly opposed to the theory, in which few students of the stage have any faith, that the actor, to create an illusion, must suffer and rejoice with the fictitious character. Inferior players cherish this fallacious idea, and this is why they repeat themselves perpetually, never really acting at all. Understanding and imagination are essential to interpretation, which is so rare upon the stage, whereas feeling results simply in a manifestation of self.

Perhaps the most illuminative part of Miss Morris's book is her revelation of the inner life at Daly's Theatre, of the dire shifts to which that able and enterprising manager was put, of the atmosphere of intrigue in which he lived, and of the petty bickerings and jealousies and all uncharitableness of which theatrical existence is largely compounded. Here and there one meets with an instance of the love of art for art's sake, but these are few and far between. Miss Morris, sometimes without knowing it, tells the truth about herself as unreservedly as she does about her best friends, and, on the whole, the record is highly creditable to her as woman and as actress. If she is a trifle egotistic now and then, she has much to be proud of, and in her industry, energy, courage, and sturdy faith she sets a shining example to the theatrical sisterhood.

The Book of Sport. Edited by William Patten. New York: J. F. Taylor & Co. 1901. Pp. 411.

Two charges are often preferred against us by our foreign critics, namely, that we take our sports too seriously, and that we are more interested in the individual performers than in the thing performed. If

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these are indeed our weaknesses, then the 'Book of Sport' is likely to be immensely popular. By means of the coöperation of a number of experts it says the last, and probably the truest, word about the present situation of our favorite sports, and says it with due seriousness; while its pages are embellished with hundreds of portraits of well-known men and women, whose names are familiar in connection with the sports described. The subjects covered by this handsome volume are: Golf, Court Tennis, Racquets, Fives, Squash, Polo, Fox-Hunting, Coaching, Automobiling, Lawn Tennis, and Yachting; and Mr. Patten is to be congratulated on having secured writers who not only are experts in these different sports, but are also able to express their views with clearness and vigor.

In calling attention to the improvement in women's golf, Miss Underhill makes the statement that it is no longer possible for a woman whose drives average less than one hundred and forty yards to compete in the championship class; yet, in spite of this improvement, she admits that our women players are not yet up to the English standard. She believes the reason of this inferiority to be that English women are more athletic and more accustomed from childhood to outdoor sports, and that, inasmuch as tournament golf is more fatiguing to women than even tournament tennis, the difference is entirely a question of comparative strength. A few years should suffice to test the correctness of this theory, for the American girl of to-day is probably no less athletic than her English cousin, and therefore our standard should presently advance to theirs. Miss Underhill's plea that women should be allowed the full privilege of men's courses if they play equally well seems reasonable, and is, in fact, generally conceded.

Mr. Harriman takes the view that the superiority of English golf is entirely due to the comparatively recent introduction of the game on this side, and to the consequent fact that all our leading players took up the game when no longer in their first youth; and he looks with confidence to the schoolboys of the present day to hold their own with the best English amateurs a few years hence.

The principal paper on Court Tennis and the affiliated games of Racquets, Fives, and Squash, is written by Mr. E. H. Miles, who is equally well known on both sides of the Atlantic, and holds both the English and the American championships. His residence at Tuxedo brought him into friendly relations with many of the American players, and he entertains a very high opinion of their capabilities. His idea is, that the American character is essentially energetic, and therefore naturally adopts the more energetic forms of relaxation; and that, as our winter climate prevents outdoor sports, the games played in courts are peculiarly adapted to our needs. Mr. Miles's paper is didactic, and will be found useful and entertaining apart from the information it contains about individual players. There is also an interesting paper on the History of Racquets in New York, by Mr. Lamontagne, who has been aptly called the father of the game. He began to play here in 1848, and continued until a few years ago, and his vigorous old age is a standing argument in favor of this form of exercise.

From Mr. Bostwick's paper on Automobiling, we gather that, after considerable experience, he has reached the conclusion that there is no automobile on the American market that is even reasonably reliable, and that the horse is still the best motive-power for road traffic. Candor compels us to state that this inglorious conclusion has been reached by many other owners of automobiles.

Mr. Whitman's and Mr. Ward's papers on the single and double games of Lawn Tennis are valuable because the writers have been instrumental in carrying the development of the game a step beyond the limit reached in England. This was achieved by their invention of a peculiar twisting service and certain other novelties. Mr. Whitman maintains that regular training is essential to success in tournament play, and quotes, with disapproval, the criticism of some recent English visitors who, after being defeated, complained that the American players had turned a recreation into a labor. Perhaps we should regard this complaint as another example of the irritation caused by American competition.

In his paper on Yachting, Mr. Duryea emphasizes the necessity for a yacht-racing association and for a revision of the measurement rules in the interest of a more reasonable type of boat, and we feel confident that the majority of yachtsmen will agree with him. Mr. Stephens gives an admirable retrospect of American yachting during the last half-century, and Mr. Irving Cox discourses learnedly of steam yachts, which have increased so wonderfully in number and size during the past ten years. In this connection it is interesting to note that in 1827 the Royal Yacht Club passed a resolution that any member applying steam engines to his yacht should thereby forfeit his membership; and this rule was not abolished till 1856.

In a book of this kind there must of necessity be some papers that fall below the general level, but the editing has been well done and there is not much to criticise. Mr. Ralph N. Ellis, on Fox-Hunting, is rather diffuse and sometimes obscure. Mr. Oliver H. P. Belmont, in his paper on Coaching, quotes Washington Irving's description of a stage-coach driver in the halcyon days of the English mail-coach, and evidently thinks that Geoffrey Crayon was the name of the driver in question. Mr. J. Parmly Paret, in a paper on the Chronology of Lawn Tennis, refers to the Marylebone Cricket Club, "afterward so famous in cricket," as having made a code of lawn-tennis rules in 1875. He is apparently not aware of the fact that the Marylebone Club had been "famous in cricket" for a century before 1875. Mr. Stephens refers to the *America* Cup race in 1876 as the second match, but it was really the third, in succession to the *Cambria* race of 1870 and the *Livonia* races of 1871.

These are not important matters, however, and the book can be warmly recommended as a valuable contribution to the history of sport in this country, and as being likely to acquire additional value in the years to come on account of the personal element to which we have referred.

French Furniture and Decoration in the XVIII. Century. By Lady Dilke. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 1901. Pp. xix, 260.

As the volumes of this extraordinary series succeed one another, the student's admiration must needs increase for the intelligent view of the subject taken by the author, and her well-directed diligence. There is nowhere a set of books more worthy, each of the other, and all of a great and many-sided subject. There appeared, in 1884, an octavo volume devoted to the epoch of Louis XIV. and entitled 'Art in the Modern State.' Then, after a lapse of fifteen years, appeared the first of the illustrated quartos—'French Painters of the Eighteenth Century,' which in its turn was succeeded by 'French Architects and Sculptors of the Eighteenth Century' in 1900. Now, with only the lapse of one year, comes the present work, and it is to be followed by a final volume on the engravers and the draughtsmen of the time, the last-named class to include those designers of ornamental subjects whose work is known to us rather by prints from engraved plates than by the existing works of decorative art themselves.

The long pause between the appearance of the Louis XIV. book and those which deal with the successors of that great prince—the trivial and feeble kings in whose hands the royalty came to nothing—is to be accounted for in part by Lady Dilke's frank confession in the preface to one of her later books, that 'Art in the Modern State' was not a commercial success. It is a simple octavo volume of no great pretensions and without illustrations, and the very moderate merit of the book on the 'Renaissance of Art in France,' published by this lady in 1879, when she was Mrs. Mark Pattison, may have acted as a deterrent to those who would perhaps have cared to study the not over-attractive later book. It is to be granted, also, that in 1888 the attention of the English art public had not been called to the essential merit of the seventeenth and eighteenth-century work of the Continent of Europe. It was very much the fashion, in that remote period of thirteen years ago, to sniff at the Rococo and the Barocco as if they were one and the same, and to treat with contempt everything later than the Renaissance proper. Books on these later styles, whether in painting, in sculpture, or in decoration in its more usual sense, are of the last fifteen years. Before that everything was Renaissance and Gothic; nor was there any break in the succession of books devoted to the earlier styles, nor any interposition of one dealing with what is commonly known as the Decadence.

The present work is divided into thirteen chapters, each of which has its title (as chapter viii., Boucher and the Gobelins; chapter xi., Oeben, Riesener, Gouthière), but these titles will not explain the subject except to the well-informed student of the arts of the time. It may be better to say that the subject is treated in an almost continuous narrative, beginning very properly with an analysis of those magnificent rooms which still remain to us from the eighteenth century, and going on, through minor apartments and bedrooms and boudoirs whose exquisite panelling and painting have been removed and are per-

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haps in museums, to the more portable works of art, such as painted panels, tapestries, and furniture. Thus, in chapter i., the Golden Gallery now forming part of the Bank of France, and the Hôtel de Soubise, now occupied by the National Archives, are treated; and with them are compared the Hall of Hercules at Versailles, other rooms of almost equal importance still existing, though perhaps in a mutilated state, and again other rooms which have been destroyed. Chapter ii. deals with Nicholas Pineau and the extraordinary work that he did in Potsdam in his earlier days and in Paris when he was older. This famous decorator is found in close connection with the architect Gilles Marie Oppenort (or Oppenord, as Lady Dilke writes it), whose name is associated so closely with the great Church of S. Sulpice in Paris. Chapter iii. deals with the wood-carvers who worked in Versailles and elsewhere; chapters iv. and v. with the work done especially for certain great ladies of the French court, from Madame de Pompadour in earlier days to Marie Antoinette in the latest epoch; and here it may be mentioned that there is no very serious attempt at chronological sequence in the treatment of the subject—the general field of study is divided rather by the character of the product than by the epochs. Thus, in chapter xi. the reader finds himself occupied entirely with writing-tables, corner cupboards, commodes and their metal mountings; and the same subject is carried on through chapter xii. and chapter xiii., which last is entirely devoted to the puzzling question of Vernis-Martin. The chronological treatment may be found, however, within the limits of each chapter. There is, indeed, great clearness of statement, and it is easy, within each separate division of the work, for the careful reader to trace the evolution of style from 1715 to 1790, or even beyond that epoch, into the earlier beginnings of the curious Revolutionary style that we call after Napoleon's brief Empire, which ended exactly with the century covered by this work. 1715—1815; that is the epoch of the French decadence of artistic style; but, as has been suggested above, the decadence of art is not Decay—it is Decline, and may be full of interest and even full of charm.

Lady Dilke's researches are of twofold character: she knows the books well and the unpublished records after a fashion, while, on the other hand, she knows the accessible works of art with a familiarity which is delightful to see. Her work is a labor of love in every sense of the word. It is quite evident that she cares for the beautiful designs themselves, for the delicate workmanship in which they are embodied and preserved, and for the still remaining traditional art which was alive to permeate and inspire them all, and which is now lost, apparently for ever. Even a limited space may be strained to admit the following paragraph, which shows how rightly and independently this writer faces the painful question, What has become of the artistic spirit?

"An example of this work [an exact rendering in tapestry of a portrait of Marie Antoinette, painted by Mme. Vigée-Lebrun] was selected by M. Félix Faure to be boastfully placed before the eyes of the Emperor and Empress of Russia when they visited the Élysée. His taste, which was, it is true, no worse than that of the average public, seems to have accurately gauged that of his imperial visitors. The pleasure expressed by the Empress was so great that M. Jules Guiffrey, the head of the Gobelins Manufactory, was at once ordered by the President to set his workmen to the task of accurately reproducing the whole picture of which the portrait formed a part. As I write, I learn that this work, which it has taken three years' labor to complete, is to be offered by the French Government to her Majesty on the occasion of the Russian New Year."

In the eighteenth century the artistic spirit still existed, strong and all-pervading. If it went astray into vagaries and allowed fantasy to replace imaginative creation, it showed its ability to recover, and that not once, but at several different epochs and in several different ways. The final achievement of creating, out of the overwrought style of 1750, the severe and restrained type introduced in later years of the reign, and named from the next sovereign, Louis Seize, showed what was still possible. The Revolutionary epoch succeeded, and traditional art came to an end, which is another way of saying that the old world with all that was good in it perished, and that we have been now, for a great part of the century, trying to make a new world, and that under the most untoward conditions.

Alfred Tennyson. By Andrew Lang. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1901.

Mr. Lang's 'Tennyson,' like its predecessors in this series of "Modern English Writers," is not the ideal short biography, but it is, notwithstanding, a singularly characteristic and engaging essay. We do not expect that a brief life of a literary personage should exhibit the stirring epic quality, say, of Southey's 'Nelson.' The literary career, especially when it is, as Mr. Lang thinks Tennyson's was, "the normal type of what, in circumstances as fortunate as mortals may expect, the life and work of a modern poet ought to be," is, as Browne has it, too devoid of "rubs, doublings, and wrenches" to afford the biographer his best opportunity. Mr. Lang does not pretend to go back of the standard biography of the poet by his son; and one who has been an attentive reader of that work will find difficulty in forming an impression of the first Lord Tennyson grounded wholly upon Mr. Lang's account of him. Neither does the chief interest of the volume lie in its æsthetic criticism of Tennyson's poetry. Its most notable sections are the paragraphs in which Mr. Lang, with rather less than his usual display of adventitious anecdote, pauses in his path to spar gayly with current popular whimsies, or the chapters in which he assumes the rôle of special pleader in a tripartite dispute with Mr. Frederic Harrison on the one hand, and certain cocksure young critics on the other.

The first four chapters, dealing with Tennyson's boyhood, youth, and earlier volumes of poetry, are largely excerpted from Lord Hallam Tennyson's record. We may therefore pass them summarily by, pausing only to quote with hearty agreement an observation which we find concerning the motive of that derided poem "Love and Duty." Says Mr. Lang:

"Shall
"'Sin itself be found,
The cloudy porch oft opening on the Sun?'

That this is the province of sin is a pretty popular modern moral. But honor is the better part, and here was a poet who had the courage to say so; though, to be sure, the words ring strange in an age when highly respectable matrons assure us that 'passion,' like charity, covers a multitude of sins. 'Love and Duty,' we must admit, is early Victorian."

But it is in his discussion of "In Memoriam" that Mr. Lang comes most stoutly to quarters with the *advocati Diaboli*. Matthew Arnold had said, after some faint praise, that Tennyson, alas! was not *un esprit puissant*. Mr. Harrison recently went further, and laid down the dictum that the much-admired religious philosophy of Tennyson was simply the now obsolete latitudinarianism of Maurice, Jowett, Kingsley, and Martineau perfectly phrased, and set to an exquisite melody of verse. And now, lastly, the poet of "In Memoriam" has been decried or patronized by "other and younger critics who have attained to a cock-certain mood of negation." It is undeniable, as Mr. Lang alleges, that a very considerable number of persons, "nourished as on the milk of lions on the elevating and strengthening doctrines of popular science, trained from childhood to forego hope and attend evening lectures, . . . find Tennyson a weakling because he had hopes and fears concerning the ultimate renewal of what was more than half his life—his friendship." With all these conflicting voices Mr. Lang joins issue. He would be a bold man who should assume to arbitrate the final antinomy between mysticism and positivism, reason and faith, to which all such contentions are ultimately reducible; but we venture to believe that, so far as observable literary facts are concerned, Mr. Lang has easily the best of the argument.

It is a common mistake to assume that if a man be by temperamental conditioning a conservative humanist, working within the lines of the alleged academic tradition in literature, he is, therefore, necessarily lacking in mental energy and initiative. Serious students of English poetry have long been aware that Tennyson did, in a sense, actually anticipate Darwin's theory of evolution by fully ten years, and was, so far, *un esprit puissant*. Mr. Lang's argument from dates in answer to Mr. Harrison's denial of this is perfectly sound and convincing. Only, it is best to remind Mr. Lang's reader that he will do well to be on guard against attaching to this point too great importance. The truth is, that Tennyson was, as were Lucretius and Virgil, Poe and Blake, in different sort, a poetic mind of the type which finds in cosmic speculation a most congenial activity. Keenly sensitive to currents in the intellectual atmosphere, Tennyson saw and expressed the trend of the scientific speculation of his day even before the men of science were quite aware of it. All this is obvious and trite enough, and demands little further attention. In defending "In Memoriam" from the civil leers of the younger school of critics, Mr. Lang judges wisely in laying the emphasis upon points more poetic than doctrinal. Surely few honest and duly qualified readers of poetry will wish to controvert his belief that "to many 'In Memoriam' is almost a lifelong companion; we walk with Great Heart for our guide through the valley Perilous." To many, such fame as this will

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seem to spring from a certain puissance of spirit.

In the chapter upon "The Idylls of the King," Mr. Lang, while fully aware of the immense learning which has been massed upon the subject, contrives to strike, for the purposes of his book, a happy mean between historical and æsthetic criticism. At a time when learned societies are pursuing allegories and "spiritual meanings" with unflagging zeal, it is refreshing to encounter Mr. Lang's exposition of Tennyson's allegoric intention in the Idylls:

"He had a spiritual conception, 'an allegory in the distance,' an allegory not to be insisted upon though its presence was to be felt. No longer, as in youth, did Tennyson intend Merlin to symbolize 'the sceptical understanding' (as if one were to 'break into blank the gospel' of Herr Kant), or poor Guinevere to stand for the blessed Reformation, or the Table Round for liberal institutions. . . . There was only a 'parabolic drift' in the intention. . . . The Idylls ought to be read (and the right readers never dream of doing anything else) as romantic poems, just like Browning's 'Childe Roland,' in which the wrong readers (the members of the Browning Society) sought for mystic mountains and marvels. Yet Tennyson had his own interpretation, 'a dream of man coming into practical life and ruined by one sin.' That was his interpretation, or 'allegory in the distance.'"

It cannot be admitted that Mr. Lang has said anything definitive concerning Tennyson's poetic art. In writing of poems on classical themes such as "Lucretius" and the matchless lines "To Virgil," he is often happy in his comments; and many passing appreciations are very felicitously phrased, as, for example, when it is said that "'Tears, idle tears,' is far beyond praise: once read, it seems like a thing that has always existed in a world of poetic archetypes, and has now been not so much composed as discovered and revealed." But in general the criticism is in Mr. Lang's usual manner—empirical, allusive, picturesque; suggestive rather than systematic; translucent rather than transparent. The book, indeed, comes no nearer to the ideal literary study than it does to the ideal short biography. Its value lies in its timely insistence on a phase of Tennyson's character as a man and as a poet too often overlooked or deprecated—his union of a passionate poet's heart, an imaginative, humanistic temperament, with an unswerving adherence to the things which are "founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, Grant. The Backslider. Lewis, Scribner & Co. $1.50.
Bangs, John Kendrick. Mr. Munchausen. Boston: Noyes, Platt & Co. $1.50.
Berenson, Bernhard. Lorenzo Lotto. New ed. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $6.
Blanchard, Amy E. Mistress May. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. 80 cents.
Bourget, Paul. The Screen. J. F. Taylor & Co. $1.50.
Bouvet, Marguerite. Bernardo and Laurette. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Boynton, H. W. The Golfer's Rubaiyat. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.
Brewster, Frances S. When Mother Was a Little Girl. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. 80 cents.
Brooks, Geraldine. Dames and Daughters of the Young Republic. 2 vols. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
Bryant, Marguerite. The Princess Cynthia. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.20.
Burton, R. F. Wanderings in Three Continents. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50.
Buttercup Farm. London: Ernest Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Calkins, Mary W. An Introduction to Psychology. Macmillan. $2.
Cust, R. H. H. The Pavement Masters of Siena. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $2.
Dabney, J. P. The Musical Basis of Verse. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.60.
Dyson, Edward. The Gold Stealers. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Earle, Alice M. Old-Time Gardens. Macmillan.
Fairlie, J. A. Municipal Administration. Macmillan.
Ford, J. D. M. A Spanish Anthology. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Gilbert, C. B., and Harris, Ada V. Graded List of Poems and Stories. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Gilson, R. R. When Love Is Young. Harpers.
Godkin, G. S. The Monastery of San Marco. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.
Gosse, Edmund. Hypolympia; or, The Gods in the Island. London: William Heinemann; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.
Green, B. E. Shakespeare and Goethe on Gresham's Law and the Single Gold Standard. Dalton (Ga.): Published by the Author. 25c.
Hall, Joseph. King Horn: A Middle English Romance. Henry Frowde. $3.10.
Havergal, F. R. Bells Across the Snow. London: Ernest Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cents.
Henley, W. E. Hawthorn and Lavender. Harpers.
Holland, Bernard. Imperium et Libertas: A Study in History and Politics. London: Edward Arnold; New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $4.
Hyde, H. M. One Forty-Two. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.
Hyne, Cutcliffe. The Derelict. Lewis, Scribner & Co. $1.50.
Jackson, Gabrielle E. The Colburn Prize. J. F. Taylor & Co. $1.
Johnston, H. P. Nathan Hale: Biography and Memorials. Privately printed (Box 26, Madison Square). $5.
Kenny, C. S. A Selection of Cases Illustrative of English Criminal Law. London: C. J. Clay & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $3.
Lincoln, F. S. An Indiana Girl. Washington: The Neale Pub. Co.
Longfellow, H. W. A Psalm of Life. London: Ernest Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cents.
Longfellow, H. W. Evangeline. London: Ernest Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.
Lovett, Eva. The Billy Stories. J. F. Taylor & Co. $1.
Mack, R. E. All Around the Clock. London: Ernest Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.
Macnaughtan, S. The Fortune of Christina M'Nab. D. Appleton & Co. $1.
Mahan, A. T. Types of Naval Officers, Drawn from the History of the British Navy. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.50.
Meisterbilder furs Deutsche Haus, Blätter 13, 14, 15, 16, 18, and 19. Munich: O. W. Callwey.
Newman, J. H. Lead, Kindly Light. London: Ernest Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cents.
Nicholson, J. S. Principles of Political Economy, Vol. iii., Books 4 and 5. Macmillan.
Quigley, Dorothy. Two of the Best. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.
Paget, James. Memoirs and Letters. Longmans, Green & Co. $5.
Paine, A. B. The Great White Way. J. F. Taylor & Co. $1.50.
Rankin, Reginald. The Marquis d'Argenson and Richard II. Longmans, Green & Co. $4.25.
Robertson, Morgan. Shipmates. D. Appleton & Co.
Robins, Edward. A Boy in Early Virginia. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.
Rosegger, Peter. The God Seeker. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
Royce, Josiah. The World and the Individual. Second series. Macmillan. $2.25.
Russell, T. W. Ireland and the Empire. London: Grant Richards; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00.
Saintsbury, George. The Earlier Renaissance. (Periods of European Literature.) Scribners. $1.50.
Sangster, Margaret E. Winsome Womanhood. Fleming H. Revell Co. $2.50.
Santayana, George. A Hermit of Carmel, and Other Poems. Scribners. $1.25.
Sayce, A. H. The First Book of Moses, Called Genesis. (Temple Bible.) London: J. M. Dent & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 40 cents.
Scudder, Horace E. James Russell Lowell. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Search, P. W. An Ideal School. (International Education Series.) D. Appleton & Co. $1.20.
Shelton, Jane de F. The Salt-Box House. The Baker & Taylor Co.
Smith, F. B. The Real Latin Quarter. Funk & Wagnalls Co.
Smith, J. R. The Soul at Arms, and Other Poems. Cambridgeport (Mass.): Hezlitt & Seaward.
Smith, Nicholas. Hymns Historically Famous. Chicago: Advance Pub. Co. $1.25.
Smith, Sidney. Wit and Wisdom. (Remarque edition.) H. M. Caldwell Co. 75 cents.
Smith, V. A. Asoka. (Rulers of India.) Henry Frowde.
Sosso, Lorenzo. In the Realms of Gold: A Book of Verse. San Francisco: D. P. Elder & Morgan Shepard. $1.
Stephenson, H. T. The Fickle Wheel. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.
Street, Ida M. Ruskin's Principles of Art Criticism. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.
Strutt, E. C. Fra Filippo Lippi. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $5.
Sumichrast, F. C. de. The Works of Théophile Gautier, Vols. XI. and XII. George D. Sproul.
Thackeray, W. M. Stray Papers. Edited by Lewis Melville. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $2.
The Life of an Elephant. Edwin S. Gorham. $1.25.
The Ordeal of Elizabeth. J. F. Taylor & Co. $1.50.
The Works of Charles Dickens, Vols. XIX., XX., and XXI. (Authentic Edition.) London: Chapman & Hall; New York: Scribners.
The Works of Tobias Smollett. 12 vols. London: Archibald Constable & Co.; New York: Scribners. $30.
Thomas, J. W. Intuitive Suggestion. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Trollope, Anthony. Barchester Towers. John Lane. 50 cents.
Welch, G. T. An Age Hence, and Other Poems. Peter Eckler.
Welsh, R. E. D'Arcy's Ruling Ideas of our Lord. A. C. Armstrong. 60 cents.
Weyman, S. J. Count Hannibal. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Wheeler, Marianna. The Baby: His Care and Training. Harpers.

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